HEROINES OF HISTORY AND LEGEND

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ELVA S. SMITH

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Stories and Poems

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Edited by ELVA S. SMITH

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GOOD OLD STORIES for Boys and Girls
MYSTERY TALES for Boys and Girls
PEACE AND PATRIOTISM
HEROINES OF HISTORY AND LEGEND
MORE MYSTERY TALES for Boys and Girls
A BOOK OF LULLABIES

Edited by ELVA S. SMITH and ALICE I. HAZELTINE

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CHRISTMAS IN LEGEND AND STORY

FLORA MACDONALD.
From Painting by Allan Ramsay.

Heroines of History and Legend

STORIES AND POEMS

EDITED BY

ELVA S. SMITH

Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh

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Heroines of History and Legend

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PREFACE

THIS book belongs to the romance of history, rather than to biography. In it are brought together stories, ballads and narrative poems which tell of the loyalty, patriotism, courage and self-sacrifice of girls and women in different ages and in many lands, from the time of the East Indian princess, Savitri, whose love was not conquered by death, to Edith Cavell, the English nurse, who gave her life in the great European war. Some of the stories are altogether true to fact; but not all that is here set forth will be found recorded in the sober pages of history. Traditional tales and mediæval legends have been included; and these, in the course of countless recitations, may have become altered and the actual events linked with the marvelous. Some of them have been embellished by the fancy and imagination of the poets and prose writers of a later age; for "men will sing for aye the deed one moment brings to birth." But even though all may not have happened exactly as related in story or verse, though there may be variations in details or in setting, these legendary tales are a part of the "high tradition of the world." Fundamentally all of them are true; and the spirit of service, the devotion to duty, the loyalty to coun-

try or religion are an inspiration to every one who delights in brave conduct or heroic action. One may not be called upon to lead troops to battle, man a gun, or defend a castle; but there are plenty of real opportunities for true heroism in the every-day life of the present and a great need for higher ideals of national service, not only for boys, but for girls as well.

The selections included in this volume represent only a small part of the great heritage of heroic and patriotic example from early Greece and Rome, the Middle Ages, and the later history of Europe and America; but additional reading has been suggested in the notes, and other tales of heroes and heroines will be found in Miss Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds," and similar collections.

It is hoped that these stories and poems will give real pleasure to the girls who read them. If heroism is contagious, may they not also help to develop a sense of obligation and the spirit that freely gives itself to others?

ELVA S. SMITH.

Pittsburgh,
February, 1921.

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CONTENTS

		PAGE
SAVITRI'S CHOICE, FROM THE MAHABHARATA	*Elizabeth A. Reed*	13
JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER	*Lord Byron*	29
JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER	*Lord Tennyson*	30
TWO IMMORTAL NAMES	*Elizabeth W. Champney*	33
BOADICEA	*William Cowper*	48
GOLDEN APPLES AND ROSES RED	*William Canton*	50
THE SHEPHERD GIRL OF NANTERRE	*Charlotte M. Yonge*	53
MULAN, THE MAIDEN CHIEF	*Chinese Ballad*	61
GODIVA	*Lord Tennyson*	63
THE ENGLISH MERCHANT AND THE SARACEN LADY	*Grace Greenwood*	66
THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG	*Adelbert von Chamisso*	74
THE BRAVE WOMEN OF TANN	*William James Linton*	77
SAINT ELIZABETH	*William Wetmore Story*	81
BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR	*Sir Walter Scott*	85
THE SOUL OF THE GREAT BELL	*Lafcadio Hearn*	89
A LEGEND OF BREGENZ	*Adelaide A. Proctor*	96
THE FAREWELL OF JOAN OF ARC	*Frederick Schiller*	103
A BALLAD OF ORLEANS	*A. Mary F. Robinson*	105
THE MAID	*Theodore Roberts*	107
THE KING'S TRAGEDY	*Dante Gabriel Rossetti*	109
LITTLE ROSAMOND	*Grace Greenwood*	141
HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL	*Scottish Ballad*	149
MARY AMBREE	*English Ballad*	151
POCAHONTAS	*William Makepeace Thackeray*	155
HOW THE MOHAWKS SET OUT FOR MEDOCTEC	*Charles G. D. Roberts*	157
ALICE VANE	*Grace Greenwood*	161

Grizel Hume	*Grace Greenwood*	172
The Two Margarets	*Grace Greenwood*	176
Grizel Cochrane's Ride	*Elia W. Peattie*	181
The Heroine of Verchères	*Francis Parkman*	199
Madeleine Vercheres	*William Henry Drummond*	206
Heartbreak Hill	*Celia Thaxter*	212
Welcome to Skye	*Jacobite Song*	216
Flora Macdonald, the Heroine of the "Forty-Five"	*Frank Mundell*	219
The Lament of Flora Macdonald	*James Hogg*	225
Captain Molly at Monmouth	*William Collins*	227
Agostina of Zaragoza	*Charlotte M. Yonge*	230
The Maid of Saragoza	*Lord Byron*	240
The Privateer of Hall's Harbor	*Grace Dean McLeod*	242
The Heroism of Madame Lavalette	*Grace Greenwood*	258
The Chieftainess and the Volcano	*Charlotte M. Yonge*	265
Santa Filomena	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	270
The Relief of Lucknow	*Robert Traill Spence Lowell*	272
Barbara Frietchie	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	276
Greencastle Jenny	*Helen Gray Cone*	279
Brier-Rose	*Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen*	282
Belgium, the Bar-Lass	*A. Mary F. Robinson*	291
Nurse Edith Cavell	*Alice Meynell*	293
Notes		295

ILLUSTRATIONS

Flora Macdonald, The Heroine of the "Forty-Five" (Page 219) . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Jephthah's Daughter Coming to Meet Her Father 30

St. Genevieve as a Child in Prayer 58

Joan of Arc Listening to the Heavenly Voices 106

Pocahontas 156

The Maid of Zaragoza 240

Saint Filomena 270

The Campbells are Coming 274

Heroines of History and Legend

SAVITRI'S CHOICE

Retold from the Mahabharata by Elizabeth A. Reed

LONG years ago there lived in palace halls the mighty King of Kekaya. Gallant and brave in person, just and beneficent in the administration of the laws of his realm, he was the hero of his people and they rendered to him a loyal obedience.

But King Asva-pati carried a desolate heart amid the magnificence which surrounded him, for the gods had written him childless. Through long years of faithful fasting and penance his prayers had been unanswered. But one glad day the goddess of the sun arose from his sacrificial fire; beautiful and bright she came in the form of glorious womanhood, and rising through the crimson flame stepped into the royal presence, saying: "What wilt thou, mighty Raja, that I shall do for thee? I have listened to thy prayers; I have watched thy penance, and seen the bounty of thine offerings. During all the years of thy reign the poor have found in thee a valued friend, and now, O King! I

wait to do thy bidding; tell me now the dearest wish of thy heart."

And Asva-pati answered: "Oh, beautiful goddess, 'tis for my barren line that I do penance and have performed my vows, lo! these many years. Give me an heir for my throne and kingdom; give me children to grace my royal hearthstone."

Then the radiant goddess, smiling, said: "I knew thy wish, O King, and there shall be born a daughter unto thee—not a son, but a fair girl—the loveliest that the stars have ever shone upon"; and, smiling still, the beauteous vision vanished in the sacrificial flame.

Time passed on with flying feet, and ere long a child was given to the royal house, and courtiers brought their praise unto the palace gates, while the streets of the city were ringing with joyous music, and everywhere the glad news went that the queen had borne a daughter—a babe of loveliest mould. The child was named Savitri, and the happy father made a royal birthday feast; the poor were fed and the city was decorated with bright flags and long festoons of flowers. Every porch and pillar was made bright and fragrant with floral vines, and the great vases in front of the palace were filled with branches of orange and mango trees.

The little one who met with such a royal welcome grew more beautiful as the years went by, and when she reached the fair heights of womanhood she was a vision of grace and loveliness. The lithe figure of

this Indian maid was like a dream of beauty and grace, and the rosy light of health flashed through the olive shades of her face. The crimson lips smiled over pearly teeth and the great dark eyes were luminous with light and love. But still no raja dared to ask the hand of the princess in marriage. Her loveliness and truth, her queenly independence had awed them into silence.

At last her father gave to her a princess's right to choose for herself a lord, and gave his royal word that the man she chose should be welcomed by her sire. A royal train moved through the provinces and visited every court, for Savitri with her ministers and maidens would take the air and travel for the princess's health. They received everywhere a royal welcome, but she loved best the trees and groves; hence, they wandered through the fragrant woods and gathered fruits and flowers there.

One day they found a hermit, aged and blind, who with his faithful wife sat in the dense shade of a teak tree, whose abundant leaves gleamed in the sunshine above them and protected them from its heat. The gentle princess stayed to give them a few kindly words and enjoy the wild flowers around the hermitage. While she listened to their story, a young man came from the thicket bearing the sacred wood to be used in the evening sacrifice. He stopped in wonder and admiration before Savitri, and her eyes rested a moment upon his manly form and honest face. It was Satyavan, the hermit's son, who stayed to serve his aged parents in their

banishment. The princess had dawned upon his vision like a dream of heaven, and like a dream she vanished from his woodland home, leaving her memory to haunt his steps and make his loneliness more terrible. In the still hours of the night he heard her voice and saw the lovely face which had become part of his being.

One day the Maha-raja sat in his council hall with the sage Narada. They were talking in low tones of the affairs of state when the king's daughter was announced. With her dark eyes glowing with light and happiness she stepped into the royal presence and bowed meekly before her father, who laid his hand lovingly upon her dark hair, as he bent down and caressed his child. Narada looked in admiration upon the princess and said to the king, "Thy daughter is very fair. Thou shouldst give her in marriage to the raja of some goodly kingdom."

"For this purpose she has been abroad," replied the king. Then, turning to his daughter, he said, "My child, hast thou chosen thy lord?" But she answered not. Standing before the sage with her face crimsoned with blushes, her eyes mutely appealed to her father to stay his questions. Reading her wish, he said, "Fear not, my child, to speak before the sage Narada; he is thy father's best and truest friend; but tell me if thou hast found the object of thy search."

Then she answered: "Father, I have been long away; I have visited the courts of princes; I have

offered sacrifice in the sacred groves, and I have found in one of these the banished king of Chalva, who lost his throne and kingdom because of blindness. An usurper reigns upon his throne, and his faithful queen stays with him in the woodland cot. Their loyal son ministers to their wants; he brings them fruit and game for food; he feeds their sacrificial fire and pulls the sacred kusa grass to make their couch both soft and warm; he brings fresh water from the passing brook and gives them love and tenderness in their daily need. Father, I have chosen him, this banished prince, to be my lord."

Then said Narada, "Not he, my child,—thou canst not choose the banished Satyavan. He is both brave and noble; a grander youth ne'er trod a kingly court, but o'er his head there hangs a fearful fate. He is doomed to die, and in a year the gods decide that he must go." Her blushes fled and her cheeks grew strangely pale as she answered: "Whether he live long or die to-day, whether he be full of grace and wisdom, or graceless stand before me, my heart hath chosen once—it chooseth not again, and I have my father's royal pledge that he will ratify my decision."

Then said the king, "Remember, child, the sad lot of Hindu widowhood, and choose again. The noblest raja in the land would gladly call thee wife. Let not this banished youth who has only a year to live take my peerless Indian gem into his rough woodland home."

The dark eyes were raised again to his and in

their liquid depths he read her answer even before her lips replied, "A loyal heart can choose but once, and a loyal sire will not revoke his promise."

Then the raja sighed, "As thou wilt, dear child, but for thine own sake I would have had thee make a wiser choice." One quick look of gratitude flashed from the wondrous eyes, then bending her blushing face to kiss her father's hand and reverently bidding the sage farewell, she left the council hall.

Having given his royal sanction to his daughter's choice, the king ordered that preparations should be made for the coming nuptials. Though the bride should dwell in a lonely hermitage, she would still be a king's daughter, and her robes even in the woodland should befit her noble birth. It was an imperial pageant that went forth to the humble dwelling of the hermit. There were the priests and sages and courtiers, and the royal family, mounted upon the war elephants with their costly trappings.

Amid the strains of martial music the train went forth from the palace gates. No courier had been sent to give warning of their coming; therefore the king ordered a halt when near the hermitage, and he himself went forward to hold council with the blind lord of the humble home. Courteous salutations were passed between them and after extending the modest hospitalities that still were his, the blind king asked what brought the Maha-raja to his door. "I have come," said he, "to ask of you that

you will ratify my daughter's choice; she hath chosen your son Satyavan to be her lord."

Then answered the banished king, "In the days of my proud position it was my ambition to link my house with yours by ties of blood, O noble King! but now that my kingdom is lost and I am but a dethroned and banished sovereign, I could not take the lovely princess from her palace home to share our humble fate."

But the raja replied, "You and I are both too old to think that happiness is dependent upon luxury. We know that love can hold her sylvan court in humblest bower, and your son is the lady's choice. She has chosen to dwell in modest guise with him she loves rather than share the splendors of another. Shall we deny her wish?"

"Nay, never," said the banished king. "Her gracious wish is mine, and great honor she brings to our fallen house. May the blessings of Indra rest upon her beauteous head!" And calling Satyavan he told him why the raja came. The bewildered prince could scarcely believe the lovely princess had chosen him. His words were few; but his eyes were eloquent with the joy his lips refused to voice.

Then the royal train was ordered into view, and there beneath the massive trees were gathered priest and sage with golden jars filled from the waves of the sacred Ganges. Beyond the great trees where the hermitage stood were thickets of rose laurel, whose fragrance filled the air; on the

other side a silver brook was hastening by to find rest on the bosom of a clear lake, beneath the fragrant cups of lotus blossoms and white lilies. Here in Nature's temple, beneath her shining dome and beside her sacred pools, with legal rites the two were bound in holy marriage; and Love stayed by and held his court where the royal lovers pledged their faith.

The raja and his queen bade their child a fond farewell, and when they passed from sight the princess took from her hands and arms the costly jewels that she wore and laid aside her silken robes; then on her delicate form she placed the rough garments that befitted her new station as a hermit's wife. Thus she proved the great love that brought her here; she could not wear a finer robe than he; she could not see her little hands decked with gold and gems while his were roughened with honest toil. She had chosen to share the fortune of the man she loved, and no ray of barbaric splendor should suggest to him that she cared for things he could not furnish. The gray-haired mother looked smilingly on and loved the loyal wife, whose gracious ways and loving words soon won the heart of the banished king as well.

The little family dwelt in their forest home in sweet content and the days went by on silver feet. To Satyavan it seemed that life's ills all were done, and he rested in the heaven of his happiness, feeling that the gods could do no more. But Savitri carried in her loving heart a fearful dread—a counting of

the days when the death decree should be fulfilled. When the sun went down in the sea and the soft folds of night cooled the fevered earth, she knew that one day less remained to Satyavan.

At last the days had nearly fled—the little wife grew strangely still; her gentle, loving deeds were still her own, but her songs were hushed in tearful prayers. When the time was nearly come she sat beneath a great tree like a beautiful statue and neither ate nor drank. For three long days and nights she sat thus, mutely imploring the gods to save from death's decree the man she loved. During all the year she had carried the fatal secret in her own faithful heart. She could not pain the others with the weight of her terrible woe, and they wondered now at the severity of her penance; but they thought she craved some great gift of the gods, and they could not deny her wish.

The fateful day dawned at last and found her weak and faint, but she would not taste of food. Only one plea she made—that she might go with Satyavan when he went out into the forest to cut the sacred wood for the evening sacrifice.

Tenderly he remonstrated, "The way is rough and thy little feet are tender; the mother's side is a safer place for thee." But still she pleaded, "I cannot let thee go unless I am with thee"; and Satyavan looked down into the depths of her tearful eyes, that looked back love and tenderness into his own. Then said he, "Surely thou shalt go and

make the dark wood glad with thy sweet presence."

Cheerily he set out axe in hand through the wilderness, making a path for the little feet that patiently followed his own. The morning was wondrously bright; flower-laden trees stood here and there along the pathway; gigantic climbers grew in the thickets in great profusion, interlacing the smaller trees and even piling their gorgeous blossoms upon their heads. The sunlight lay upon the surface of the little lake near their home, and bright water-birds hovered above the reeds and rushes, or settled down amidst the white lilies and fragrant lotus cups near the water's edge. Away in the distance the Himalayas lifted their snowy brows into the blue heavens and reflected the sun's rays from their icy peaks.

"Is it not beautiful?" said Satyavan, pointing to the landscape around him, or directing her attention to the strange wild flowers springing from the mosses at their feet. And smiling the little wife replied, even while the fearful dread around her heart almost stayed its beating.

Afar from home, they gathered fruits and flowers for the evening sacrifice, and all the while the anxious wife watched with aching heart every look and motion of her lord. He struck the tree to gather sacred wood, and blow after blow of his axe echoed through the forest. At last he reeled in sudden pain and cried, "I cannot work"; then falling at her feet he fainted there. Quickly the beloved head

was laid upon her lap, and eagerly she strove by chafing the temples and tired hands to bring the life tide back. She knew it was the day of fate, but still she could not yield.

Suddenly at her side she saw a fearful shape, that was neither god nor man—tall and dark with visage grim, he looked down pitilessly upon them both. His garments were crimson, as if with blood; his cruel eyes glowed like burning coals in their deep sockets. In one hand he bore a long black noose and bent over Satyavan. As the spectre leaned above her husband, the trembling princess laid the head tenderly upon the ground, and springing up reverently folded her hands in supplication, and prayed to know who he was and why he came. He answered, "I am Yama, the god of death, and I am come to bear away the soul of Satyavan."

"But," pleaded the wife, "'tis thy messengers that bear away the souls of men. Why is it, mighty chief, that thou hast come?"

"Because Prince Satyavan was the grandest, noblest of his race," replied the god, "and none save Yama's self was worthy to bear his soul away." And bending lower still he fitted the dreadful noose and drew out the soul of Satyavan; then silently he strode away toward the southland with his prize, leaving the poor body pale and cold, with life and grace and beauty gone.

But the stricken princess followed him. With her hands folded in supplication she hastened on

behind this fearful King of Death. At last he turned. "Go back," said he; "why dost thou follow in my steps? No mortal e'er has dared to come whither I shall go. Go back and perform the funeral rites for thy dead lord."

But she replied: "Wherever my lord is borne, there I shall surely go; he is my life, my all; I cannot leave him, and I must go with thee. By reason of my wifely love thou wilt let me come." And still she followed on until the King of Death himself felt pity for the faithful wife, and, turning back, he said: "Return, my child, to life and health. Thy wifely love is good, but the kingdom of Yama is not the place for thee. Still, I will grant thee any boon that thou dost crave, except this life that I am bearing away."

Then said Savitri, "Let the blind and banished king, my husband's father, have both his sight and throne restored." "It shall be so," returned the god. "I grant thee this because of thy purity and fidelity; but now turn back; our way is long and dark, thy little feet are already weary, and thou wilt die upon the road."

"I am not weary," said Savitri, "I cannot tire while I am near to Satyavan. Wherever he is borne, there the loyal wife must go." And the tireless feet toiled patiently on behind the King of Death until he turned again and said: "Darkness is coming on; soon thou canst not find thy way alone. I will give to thee another boon—anything except this life, and then thou must return."

Quickly the princess thought of her own sire, whose only child now followed Death—thought of his lonely home and coming age, and she said, "Give to my father princely sons to bear his royal name. This is the boon I crave, O mighty one." "So shall it be," returned the king; "and now I have granted thy wishes, go back to life and light." But she only answered plaintively, "I cannot go, great king. I cannot leave my lord. Thou hast taken him and my heart is in thy hand. I must surely come with thee."

Darkness came slowly down in the dense forest, and her tender feet were torn with thorns and cut with the sharp stones of the rugged path. Hungry wolves and jackals pressed around her, while night birds spread their black wings above her and startled the silence with their cries. Trembling with terror and faint with grief and hunger, she still pursued her way. Her tear-blinded eyes could no longer see the terrible shape she followed, but she heard his footfalls and almost felt his fearful strides, for it seemed that every step came down upon her bleeding heart.

At last they came to a cavern, dark and damp as death itself, and here again Yama turned upon the pitiful figure in the darkness behind him, and this time he fiercely demanded, "Art thou still upon my track? If thou wert not so true and good, I would take thee in my arms, and my worms should feed upon thy beauty; but thou art truth itself, and I

will give to thee, poor child, one more boon. In pity for thy grief I will give thee anything thou wilt —except this life within my hand."

Then answered Savitri, "Give me children—the sons of Satyavan. Let me bear to him brave, loyal heirs of his goodness and his truth."

Death grimly smiled. Should he be conquered yet by this little Hindu wife? But he answered: "Yama hath promised thee, and I must grant thee even this."

Then with rapid strides he entered the great vault of the cavern, while the startled bats and owls flapped their dark wings and made the place more hideous with their cries. But still he heard the patter of patient feet behind him, and his burning eyeballs blazed in the darkness upon poor Savitri.

"Go back," he said. "Thou shalt return; I will bear no longer with thy persistent following!"

"I would go back, O mighty Yama, if I could," wailed the weary wife, "but in your hands you carry my own life. 'Tis only my helpless frame that follows thee, and now I am so weak with grief and fear that I must come nearer to Satyavan"; and the tired head drooped upon the dark, cold hand of Death, close to the life she craved.

The pitiless king felt the soft touch of tear-wet cheeks and clinging hair, and again his cruel heart was softened by her faithful love. "Thou art innocence itself, and tenderness and truth," said Yama. "Thou hast taught me lessons new of woman's

fidelity. Ask any boon thou wilt, and it shall be thine."

Then at his feet she fell in grateful joy and tenderly caressed them. "This time, O King," she cried, "thou hast excepted nothing, and I ask not wealth, nor throne, nor heaven itself. I crave my heart, my life—give me my Satyavan!"

The fire in his eyes beamed more softly, and the light in them was almost tender as he said: "Fair Queen, thou art the brightest gem of womankind. Here, take thy Satyavan. Saved by his peerless wife, he long shall live and reign with her, and his line shall be upheld by princely sons who shall call thee mother. Go now, my child, time hasteth, and long hast thou been with me."

Then, turning gloomily away, he went down—down into the darkness of the cavern. But the glad wife, holding her precious treasure close to her heart, retraced her steps back through the darkness of cavern and wood, her torn feet climbing the ascending pathway, fearing nothing, knowing nothing, save that in her arms she carried her beloved.

It was dark in the forest, where the dense foliage almost shut out the light of noontime, but it was lighter here where only little groves of sacred fig trees and thickets of flowering shrubs obscured the vision, and traces of gold and crimson still lingered round the setting sun. Thankful for the light, she hastened to where the body lay, and raising the head, pressed it tenderly again to her bosom, and gently wooed the life tide back to heart and pulse.

Soft and warm his hand became, and his lips moved to speak a tender word that had died upon them when Yama came. The evening light was gone, and darkness came down with velvet touch around them, but the glorious stars came out and the southern constellations flashed like crown jewels above the living prince and his loyal wife.

JEPHTHA'S DAUGHTER

LORD BYRON

SINCE our Country, our God—Oh, my Sire!
Demand that thy daughter expire;
Since thy triumph was bought by thy vow—
Strike the bosom that's bared for thee now!

And the voice of my mourning is o'er,
And the mountains behold me no more:
If the hand that I love lay me low,
There cannot be pain in the blow!

And of this, oh, my father! be sure—
That the blood of thy child is as pure
As the blessing I beg ere it flow,
And the last thought that soothes me below.

Though the virgins of Salem lament,
Be the judge and the hero unbent!
I have won the great battle for thee,
And my Father and Country are free!

When this blood of thy giving hath gush'd,
When the voice that thou lovest is hush'd,
Let my memory still be thy pride,
And forget not I smiled as I died!

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER

Extract from A Dream of Fair Women

LORD TENNYSON

SLOWLY my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn:

"The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

"The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine;
All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine."

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow;

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER COMING TO MEET HER FATHER.
From Painting by Gustave Doré.

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song.

My words leapt forth: "Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath." She render'd answer high:
"Not so; nor once alone, a thousand times
I would be born and die.

"Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

"My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave,
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

"And I went mourning, 'No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers'—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower.

"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

"When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire.
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire!

"It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

"Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth." Here her face
Glow'd as I look'd at her.

She lock'd her lips; she left me where I stood:
"Glory to God," she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

TWO IMMORTAL NAMES

ELIZABETH W. CHAMPNEY

ONE spring day nearly five hundred years before Christ, a Greek boy and girl stood earnestly talking before the palace of the King of Sparta. The girl was Hervina, one of the maids of honor of the wife of the brave King Leonidas, and the boy was her brother Ephialtes, one of the king's favorite pages, a handsome youth and an expert in athletic sports.

In Sparta, at this period, great attention was paid to physical exercise; even the girls were drilled in gymnasiums, and Hervina was one of the fleetest runners in all the country round, while her brother was an accomplished boxer, tumbler and wrestler, as well as a reckless rider and furious driver. He was as ambitious as he was handsome, his ruling motive an overweening fondness for praise. The Lady Gorgo, the wife of King Leonidas, sometimes shook her head and said she feared Ephialtes was too ambitious, for his desire of excelling made him unscrupulous of ways and means. But Leonidas patted the shoulder of his favorite, and said that ambition and love of praise rightly directed were good steeds if held in with the rein of principle.

There was something in Ephialtes' keen, watch-

ful, but sidelong glance which might have reminded one of Plato's words: "Have you never yet observed of those that are termed 'wicked yet clever,' how sharply the little soul looks out?" He seemed ever on the watch for means of benefiting himself by every circumstance and occurrence. Just now while the city resounded with lamentation at the news just received by a herald that the Persians were advancing upon Greece, Ephialtes' face was flushed with delight, and he trembled with excitement as he related his own personal plans to Hervina.

"The Persians are really upon the march," he exclaimed; "Xerxes commands in person the land force, which is going around through Asia Minor, while a navy of innumerable ships follows him by sea."

Hervina turned pale. "He means to avenge his father's disgrace ten years ago at Marathon."

"Ah, didn't the Athenians whip him well there!" exclaimed the boy. "I hope the Spartans will do some of the fighting this time. A congress of the rulers of all the states of Greece has been summoned to meet at Corinth to concert measures of defense. Leonidas is at this moment bidding adieu to the queen. He wishes to reach Corinth with all despatch, and has chosen me to conduct his chariot, for he knows no one can better manage his Thessalian horses. Mark me, Hervina, I go a simple charioteer; but when this war is over my name shall be famous. I have consulted the oracle, and have re-

ceived the response that of all the Spartans who march out, the names alone of Leonidas and Ephialtes shall be handed down to posterity."

As he spoke, a groom led up the champing horses and gilded chariot, a curtain was withdrawn from a portal of the palace, and Leonidas came down the steps dressed in armor. He motioned to Ephialtes, who took the reins and leapt gracefully to his position. Then Leonidas mounted, waved his hand to the Lady Gorgo, and the chariot rolled away.

Then came a weary waiting-time, varied by messages which brought dismay. Now they heard of the advance of the Persian fleet, of the sacking of towns and cities, and once or twice hurried missives came from Corinth from Leonidas. One ran as follows:

"I am consumed with impatience," Leonidas wrote, "to begin hostilities at once, to march forward with my brave Spartans to meet the foe. Instead of this, I find myself involved in argument and conciliation, in the persuasion and threatening of our brother rulers to undertake this war. From Argos and Bœotia we have nothing to hope. The Korkyraians profess to have sent us sixty ships, but they have not arrived. I fear that they have deserted to the enemy. Genlon, the despot of Syracuse, offers to bear the whole expense of the war if we will recognize him as our leader; but to this none of the congress will agree, and Genlon has sent us an insulting message that we are likely to have many leaders but few to be led. The greater part

of the congress are now so terrified by the approach of the Persians that they are for sending Xerxes at once a present of earth and water in token of our submission to him. I am no orator or statesman, and all I could do in answer to such dishonorable proposals was to pour out my soul in wrath and indignation. Fortunately the skilled general and leader, Themistocles, is one of the Athenian delegation. His patriotism and bravery equal my own, while his prudence and wily power of governing men and making all things subservient to his will are something at which I admire and wonder. He works night and day, and keeps four scribes writing constantly, demanding help from Crete, Sicily and the other island allies of Greece; making requisitions of supplies, moneys and men from every state; numbering the army, fitting out the navy, reconciling enemies, encouraging the cowardly, bribing the avaricious, tempting the ambitious. He is indefatigable; he is in the saddle and everywhere at the same moment. He pours forth a stream of persuasive eloquence, before the congress, and the next moment is despatching a deputation of couriers with missives, or listening to the reports of his spies. I admire the man, but his work is not my work, and I long for fierce fighting. He has promised me that I shall lead in the first decisive action. I trust that all will soon be arranged and that we shall meet the enemy in Thrace. I commend myself to thy prayers.

"LEONIDAS."

This letter was brought by Ephialtes himself.

"I have received an important mission," he said. "Themistocles has appointed me a spy, and I am on my way to the Persians. I shall discover all I can and return with information for the congress."

Again Hervina could do nothing but wait and beseech the gods. The Lady Gorgo quieted her own impatience by embroidering a marvelous crocus-colored robe for Minerva. She had designed a strange border of spiders' webs (for the spider was sacred to Minerva), and she worked in the webs with a lace of silver thread, while the spiders' eyes were tiny emeralds. While she worked she besought Minerva to lie in the path like a venomous spider and bite the heel of the invader. Her prayers were addressed not alone to Minerva; she sent costly golden cups and vases to the shrines of all the other Grecian divinities, and caused Hervina and her other maidens to sing in the sleepless night while their needles flashed at their embroidery under the flaring lamps, an invocation to all the gods and goddesses like that written by the poet Æschylus:

"The time demands it: why, then, why delay?
Broider the pall, give garlands as you pray.
If e'er thy soul had pleasure in the brave,
God of the golden helm, hear, Mars, and save!
And thou by whom the pawing steed arose,
Great Neptune, save us, free us from our foes.
Thou terror of the brute, Apollo, hear—
In all thy terrors rush upon the foe!

Chaste virgin huntress, Dian, ever dear,
Wing the keen arrow from thy ready bow!
By every shrine the eager vow is paid,
Hear us, ye guardian gods, hear us and aid!"

Ephialtes paused with them for a hurried meal on his return from his mission. His mien had changed. His overweening confidence was lost. He had sprinkled dust upon his head, and his face was blanched with terror.

"We are lost!" he cried; "the whole population of Greece would be as nothing to oppose to the formidable host approaching. Xerxes has gathered ships by thousands, men by nations. I had scarce come within the lines before I was detected and brought before the king. I felt certain that I was condemned to death. But no: he ordered one of his soldiers to go with me throughout the army and assist me in numbering his hosts and in pointing out the vast preparations which he had made for this war. After this was over he gave me a safe conduct to return and report to those who sent me."

"And wilt thou carry out his design of intimidating our generals?" asked Hervina.

"What else can I do?" replied the boy moodily. "I were an ill friend to my country should I falsely encourage its armies to certain defeat. Listen, Hervina, and I will tell thee of what stuff this cruel and haughty tyrant is made. I came up to him at Mount Athos. It was upon this rocky promontory that the ships of his father were wrecked. Here, therefore, he halted his army and set them to cut-

ting a canal across the isthmus which separates the mountain from the mainland. It is a superhuman attempt; but ere I left I saw the canal half completed, and so wide that two of his double-banked galleys could ride side by side. I heard, too, the proclamation which he caused his herald to read to the mountain: 'Hear, O Athos, I command thee that thou refrain from doing damage to any of my ships. For so surely as thou causest their shipwreck I will pluck thee up by thy roots, and hurl thee into the sea.'

"And the mountain has obeyed him; for instead of acting as a bulwark and a defense to Greece, it stands as a breakwater against the sea for the Persians who ride in a quiet harbor behind it. Hast thou not heard also how he chastised the sea when it had broken his bridge of boats by which he thought to have crossed the Hellespont? He caused three hundred lashes to be applied to it, and cast into it a pair of chains and manacles, together with the heads of the engineers who had constructed the bridge. If thus he disposes both of the mountains and the sea of Greece, surely we shall be giving him only that of which he hath already taken possession if we send him the earth and water which he demands."

The Lady Gorgo heard this with flashing eyes. "Go and tell that tyrant," she exclaimed, "that as yet he has had to do but with the land and water of Greece, but let him reserve his boasts until he hath met its men."

The message of Ephialtes was received bravely by Leonidas. "Let me go," he besought of the congress, "and teach this would-be conqueror that it is not the multitude of an army that counts, but its valor."

"It is indeed time," replied Themistocles gravely; and the command of the army was at once voted to Sparta. "I will take seven thousand of the allied forces," said Leonidas, "with three hundred of my Spartans, and we will advance to the defense of the frontier from the land force, while do you plan for the reception of the navy ere it reach Athens."

The Pass of Thermopylæ (or the Hot Gates, so called from the presence of hot mineral springs in the neighborhood and a broken Phocian wall which had once been provided with iron gates), a narrow defile through Mount Œta, with craggy mountains upon the left and an impassable bog upon the right, was the place chosen as a point of defense. It was the only way from upper into lower Greece and it lay in the direct route of the Persians.

On his way to this position Leonidas paused to urge his wife to retire with her maidens to Corinth, where they would be safer than in the north of Greece. He left Ephialtes to escort them, and, gathering his chosen warriors, hastened on to Thermopylæ.

On their way southward Hervina noticed that her brother had grown sullen. She understood his discontent; his eager spirit chafed at being sent

back with the women, instead of being allowed to share the exploits of the warriors.

The Lady Gorgo, gathering together her women and her jewels, assigned to Ephialtes the guard of the rear of her little train. The second day he lagged behind more and more. Hervina drew the rein of her milk-white palfrey and waited until he came up. Their companions had just disappeared around a turn in the road. Ephialtes looked up and saw her there alone, regarding him with sympathetic, questioning eyes. Seizing her palfrey's rein, Ephialtes struck spurs to his own steed and galloped swiftly toward the north.

At night they slept under the open sky, and by day they pursued their way steadily toward Mount Œta, whose steep sides they climbed by a lonely and deserted road. Hervina never doubted that their destination was Thermopylæ, but when they reached the summit of the mountain they found the place, though suited for a fastness, only slenderly guarded by a small band of Phocians.

"We seek Leonidas," said Ephialtes to the soldier who barred his pathway. "Below," replied the soldier; and he pointed to a somewhat wider pass in the mountains below them, where, with the barricade of an ancient wall in front, the marsh formed by the overflow of the hot springs on their right, and the precipitous cliff, down which Ephialtes now looked, upon their left, the followers of Leonidas were even now engaged in battle with the Persians.

Ephialtes turned and looked toward the west. The camp of the Persians with its myriad tents filled all the valleys, and their foraging bands were discernible collecting cattle and prisoners from a little hamlet on the mountainside.

"Why has not Leonidas more heavily garrisoned this pass?" asked Ephialtes. "The Persians could easily swarm up that path and overcome you."

"There is a good road from here to the Hot Gates; we have only to fall back, follow this ridge downward, turn to the left, and find ourselves safe in the rear of Leonidas."

"Yes, but the Persians could follow—then Leonidas would be hemmed in on every side."

The soldier shrugged his shoulders. "Mars forbid that any one inform the Persians of the path leading hither," he replied. Further conversation was suspended as they watched the attack upon the Spartans at the Hot Gates.

Huge rocks were rolled down upon the Persians; but their front ranks were driven forward by those behind, and again and again pressed to the onset, only to be driven back with slaughter.

"He has conquered for to-day," exclaimed Ephialtes. "That general with the glittering helm is Mardonius; he fought at Marathon ten years ago; he knows the temper of our Greeks—see, he is trying in vain to rally his men. But they retire, while Leonidas has respite to prepare for a fiercer struggle. Exercising in the plain below is the Immortal Band. See the gleam of the gold and silver pome-

granates at their lance-heads! Should they be ordered to charge, Leonidas would have to surrender."

The Phocian soldier smiled grimly. "You know more of the Persians, my fine youth, than of Leonidas," he said scornfully. "Yonder Immortal Band is even now upon the march—and you shall see them flee. Leonidas had hard fighting all day yesterday, and conquered. He is holding his own today. He will never surrender."

The tide of battle rolled more fiercely than before. The Immortal Band fought well; many fell, but none turned to flee. Once the followers of Leonidas gave way and fell backward, and the Persians poured in through the gaping wall. But the disaster was only a feint; the Spartans waited until goodly numbers had swarmed into the trap, and then sprang forward and massacred all, hurling the dead and dying into the bog. At length, the Immortal Band fell back. The attack was ended for that day.

"He has conquered!" murmured Hervina; "surely the Persians can make no fiercer attempt."

"Let us hasten by the road they have shown me, to Leonidas," said Ephialtes, hurriedly.

They rode on for some distance in silence. The road made a long détour, and at last Ephialtes halted. "Hervina, if we tie our horses in the goatherd's hut yonder we can climb down into this ravine and follow it, and so reach Leonidas more quickly than by keeping to the regular road."

Within the hut where they fastened their horses they found several sheepskins.

"We shall attract less attention, should we encounter Persians, and also be better able to clamber, if we change our court clothing for these sheepskins," suggested Ephialtes.

Clothed as goatherds, they proceeded on their way. They reached the valley in safety just as the moon rose, and cautiously went forward through the twisted olive trees, looking for some path by which they could gain the Hot Gates. Suddenly, from the fantastic shadows, two men appeared before them, while a small squad of soldiers followed —all Persians. One of the men held a headless spear, to which was affixed a white pennon; the other carried upon his head a heavily laden golden vase.

"Who are ye?" exclaimed the strangers and Ephialtes in the same breath. "I am a simple goatherd," replied Ephialtes.

"And I," said the foremost stranger, "am Hydarnes, a herald sent by King Xerxes to the Spartan king."

"But your back is turned to his fortress," said Ephialtes.

"Yea," replied the other; "for I am returning from a fruitless quest. My king, hopeless of storming his stronghold, had written him that if he would permit the Persians to pass, he should reign unmolested in Sparta under his own royal protection."

"And Leonidas refused this offer?"

"Yea, and this goodly golden jar of jewels which it is now my toilsome lot to bear back again over this weary way," said the second Persian.

"It matters little," added the first; "we shall starve them out in the end—they are not provisioned for two weeks longer; but it chafes his royal highness to be thus stopped upon his march."

"How think you would Xerxes reward that man," asked Ephialtes, "who would show him a speedy manner of storming the citadel of Leonidas —show him another pass across the mountains higher up, dominating their stronghold, and guarded by but a handful of men?"

"Know you of such a pass?" asked the Persians eagerly, while Hervina, uttering a cry of despair, clutched her brother's arm.

"If Xerxes will make me the same offer which Leonidas has refused, I will show him a secret path by which he can take his enemy."

Hervina threw herself upon her brother in an agony of grief and shame; but he shook her off, saying:

"My own welfare and fortune are more to me than that of Leonidas. Go to the cave of the goatherd and there await my return!" Then, following the lead of the Persians, he disappeared.

Hervina stood thunderstruck. Then suddenly a wild hope kindled in her breast. It was not too late to warn Leonidas, not too late for him to retreat. With reckless leaps she climbed down the steep mountainside, clinging to projecting bits of

rock where even a goat would not have ventured. May it not be that the poet Æschylus, who was a rising poet at the time, had this scene in his mind, when he wrote a score of years afterwards the lines:

"Ye rising hills whose reverenced heads
Majestic wave their awe-commanding shades,
What woes our shudd'ring souls await,
Or flying on the wings of fear,
In some cavern dark and drear,
Deep shall we plunge and hide us from our fate.
Oh that I could as smoke arise,
That rolls its black wreaths through the air;
Mix with the clouds that o'er the skies
Show their light forms and disappear,
Or like the dust be tossed
By every sportive wind till all be lost!
They come, they come, the haughty foes!
These are but preludes to my woes.
Look down, thou Sovereign of the world, and save!"

She remembered joyfully how she had often outstripped the girls at Sparta in the footraces, and her training stood her in good stead now. She reached Leonidas just as the Persians set out on their march for the upper pass.

"It is certain death to remain," said the Spartan king as he looked at the frowning cliff soon to be held by the foe. "I order the seven thousand sent me by the allied Greeks to retire, bearing little Hervina with them!"

"Come, too," pleaded Hervina.

"Nay, little one, I have an example to set to

Greece—a lesson to teach the Persians. They must know that Leonidas and his three hundred were not afraid to face three millions and certain death. The post will be stormed, but it will not be deserted."

On the next day Leonidas and his brave Spartans fell. But the example and the lesson were not wanting. Xerxes learned for the first time of what stuff patriots were made, and the knowledge unnerved his arm for further effort. The death of their countrymen fired the other Greeks to emulate their valor and avenge their massacre. At Salamis, Themistocles dealt a death-blow to the Persian navy, and Xerxes with his shattered army fled, while the defeat of his general Mardonius at the battle of Platæa closed the war.

Ephialtes died a miserable outcast on Persian soil, realizing at last, let us trust, the meaning of the ambiguous oracle, and that while the name of Leonidas would be rendered immortal by his bravery and willing death for his country, his own would be handed down to endless ignominy and disgrace.

BOADICEA

WILLIAM COWPER

WHEN the British warrior queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage, and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renown'd,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Arm'd with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died;
Dying hurl'd them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestow'd,
Shame and ruin wait for you.

GOLDEN APPLES AND ROSES RED

WILLIAM CANTON

IN the cruel days of old, when Diocletian was the master of the world, and the believers in the Cross were maimed, and tortured with fire, and torn with iron hooks, and cast to the lions, and beheaded with the sword, Dorothea, a beautiful maiden of Cæsarea, was brought before Sapricius, the governor of Cappadocia, and commanded to forsake the Lord Christ and offer incense to the images of the false gods.

Though she was so young and so fair and tender, she stood unmoved by threats and entreaties, and when, with little pity on her youth and loveliness, Sapricius menaced her with the torment of the iron bed over a slow fire, she replied: "Do with me as you will. No pain shall I fear, so firm is my trust in Him for whom I am ready to die."

"Who, then, is this that has won thy love?" asked the Governor.

"It is Christ Jesus, the Son of God. Slay me, and I shall but the sooner be with Him in His Paradise, where there is no more pain, neither sorrow, but the tears are wiped from all eyes, and the roses are in bloom alway, and forever the fruit of joy is on the trees."

"Thy words are but the babbling of madness," said the Governor angrily.

"I am not mad, most noble Sapricius."

"Here, then, is the incense; sacrifice, and save thy life."

"I will not sacrifice," replied Dorothea.

"Then shalt thou die," said Sapricius; and he bade the doomsman take her to the place of execution and strike off her head.

Now as she was being led away from the judgment-seat, a gay young advocate named Theophilus said to her jestingly: "Farewell, sweet Dorothea; when thou hast joined thy lover, wilt thou not send me some of the fruit and roses of his Paradise?"

Looking gravely and gently at him, Dorothea answered, "I will send some."

Whereupon Theophilus laughed merrily, and went his way homeward.

At the place of execution, Dorothea begged the doomsman to tarry a little, and kneeling by the block, she raised her hands to heaven and prayed earnestly. At that moment a fair child stood beside her holding in his hand a basket containing three golden apples and three red roses.

"Take these to Theophilus, I pray thee," she said to the child, "and tell him Dorothea awaits him in the Paradise whence they came."

Then she bowed her head, and the sword of the doomsman fell.

Mark now what follows.

Theophilus, who had reached home, was still tell-

ing of what had happened and merrily repeating his jest about the fruit and flowers of Paradise, when suddenly, while he was speaking, the child appeared before him with the apples and the roses. "Dorothea," he said, "has sent me to thee with these, and she awaits thee in the garden." And straightway the child vanished.

The fragrance of those heavenly roses filled Theophilus with a strange pity and gladness; and, eating of the fruit of the Angels, he felt his heart made new within him, so that he, also, became a servant of the Lord Jesus, and suffered death for His name, and thus attained to the celestial garden.

Centuries after her martyrdom, the body of Dorothea was laid in a bronze shrine richly inlaid with gold and jewels in the church built in her honor beyond Tiber, in the seven-hilled city of Rome; and every seven years the shrine was opened that the faithful might gaze on the maiden martyr of Cæsarea.

THE SHEPHERD GIRL OF NANTERRE

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

FOUR hundred years of the Roman dominion had entirely tamed the once wild and independent Gauls. Everywhere, except in the moorlands of Brittany, they had become as much like Romans themselves as they could accomplish; they had Latin names, spoke the Latin tongue, all their personages of higher rank were enrolled as Roman citizens, their chief cities were colonies where the laws were administered by magistrates in the Roman fashion, and the houses, dress and amusements were the same as those of Italy. The greater part of the towns had been converted to Christianity, though some paganism still lurked in the more remote villages and mountainous districts.

It was upon these civilized Gauls that the terrible attacks came from the wild nations who poured out of the center and east of Europe. The Franks came over the Rhine and its dependent rivers, and made furious attacks upon the peaceful plains, where the Gauls had long lived in security, and reports were everywhere heard of villages harried by wild horsemen, with short double-headed battle-axes and a horrible short pike, covered with iron and with sev-

eral large hooks, like a gigantic artificial minnow, and like it fastened to a long rope, so that the prey which it had grappled might be pulled up to the owner. Walled cities usually stopped them, but every farm or villa outside was stripped of its valuables, set on fire, the cattle driven off, and the more healthy inhabitants seized for slaves.

It was during this state of things that a girl was born to a wealthy peasant at the village now called Nanterre, about two miles from Lutetia, which was already a prosperous city, though not as yet so entirely the capital as it was destined to become under the name of Paris. She was christened by an old Gallic name, probably Gwenfrewi, or White Stream—in Latin Genovefa—but she is best known by the late French form of Geneviève.

When she was about seven years old, two celebrated bishops passed through the village, Germanus of Auxerre and Lupus of Troyes, who had been invited to Britain to dispute the false doctrine of Pelagius. All the inhabitants flocked into the church to see them, pray with them and receive their blessing; and here the sweet childish devotion of Geneviève so struck Germanus, that he called her to him, talked to her, made her sit beside him at the feast, gave her his especial blessing and presented her with a copper medal with a cross engraven upon it. From that time the little maiden always deemed herself especially consecrated to the service of Heaven, but she still remained at home, daily keeping her father's sheep, and spin-

ning their wool as she sat under the trees watching them, but always with a heart full of prayer.

After this St. Germanus proceeded to Britain and there encouraged his converts to meet the heathen Picts at Maes Garmon in Flintshire, where the exulting shout of the white-robed catechumens turned to flight the wild superstitious savages of the north, and the Hallelujah victory was gained without a drop of bloodshed. He never lost sight of Geneviève, the little maid whom he had so early distinguished for her piety.

After she lost her parents she went to live with her godmother, and continued the same simple habits, leading a life of sincere devotion and strict self-denial, constant prayer, and much charity to her poorer neighbors.

In the year 451 the whole of Gaul was in the most dreadful state of terror at the advance of Attila, the savage chief of the Huns, who came from the banks of the Danube with a host of savages of hideous features, scarred and disfigured to render them more frightful. The old enemies, the Goths and the Franks, seemed like friends compared with these formidable beings, whose cruelties were said to be intolerable, and of whom every exaggerated story was told that could add to the horrors of the miserable people who lay in their path.

Tidings came that this "Scourge of God," as Attila called himself, had passed the Rhine, destroyed Tongres and Metz, and was in full march for Paris. The whole country was in the utmost

terror. Every one seized his most valuable possessions, and would have fled; but Geneviève placed herself on the only bridge across the Seine, and argued with the people, assuring them, in a strain that was afterwards thought of as prophetic, that, if they would pray, repent, and defend instead of abandoning their homes, God would protect them. They were at first almost ready to stone her for thus withstanding their panic; but just then a priest arrived from Auxerre, with a present for Geneviève from St. Germanus, and they were thus reminded of the high estimation in which he held her. They became ashamed of their violence, and she led them back to pray and to arm themselves.

In a few days they heard that Attila had paused to besiege Orleans, and that Aëtius, the Roman general, hurrying from Italy, had united his troops with those of the Goths and Franks, and given Attila so terrible a defeat at Chalons that the Huns were fairly driven out of Gaul. And here it must be mentioned that when the next year, 452, Attila with his murderous host came down into Italy, and after horrible devastation of all the northern provinces, came to the gates of Rome, no one dared to meet him but one venerable Bishop, Leo, the Pope, who, when his flock were in transports of despair, went forth, only accompanied by one magistrate, to meet the invader and endeavor to turn his wrath aside. The savage Huns were struck with awe by the fearless majesty of the unarmed old man. They conducted him safely to Attila, who listened to him

with respect, and promised not to lead his people into Rome, provided a tribute should be paid to him. He then retreated, and, to the joy of all Europe, died on his way back to his native dominions.

But with the Huns the danger and suffering of Europe did not end. The happy state described in the Prophets as "dwelling safely, with none to make them afraid" was utterly unknown in Europe throughout the long break-up of the Roman Empire; and in a few more years the Franks were overrunning the banks of the Seine, and actually venturing to lay siege to the Roman walls of Paris itself.

The fortifications were strong enough, but hunger began to do the work of the besiegers, and the garrison, unwarlike and untrained, began to despair. But Geneviève's courage and trust never failed; and finding no warriors willing to run the risk of going beyond the walls to obtain food for the women and children who were perishing around them, this brave shepherdess embarked alone in a little boat, and guiding it down the stream, landed beyond the Frankish camp, and repairing to the different Gallic cities, she implored them to send succor to their famished brethren. She obtained complete success. Probably the Franks had no means of obstructing the passage of the river, so that a convoy of boats could easily penetrate into the town, and at any rate they looked upon Geneviève as something sacred and inspired whom they

durst not touch; probably as one of the battle-maids in whom their own myths taught them to believe.

But a city where all the valor resided in one woman could not long hold out, and in another inroad, when Geneviève was absent, Paris was actually seized by the Franks. Their leader, Hilperik, was absolutely afraid of what the mysteriously brave maiden might do to him, and commanded the gates of the city to be carefully guarded lest she should enter; but Geneviève learnt that some of the chief citizens were imprisoned, and that Hilperik intended their death, and nothing could withhold her from making an effort in their behalf.

The Franks had made up their minds to settle, and not to destroy. They were not burning and slaying indiscriminately, but while despising the Romans, as they called the Gauls, for their cowardice, they were in awe of their superior civilization and knowledge of arts. The country people had free access to the city, and Geneviève, in her homely gown and veil, passed by Hilperik's guards without being suspected of being more than any ordinary Gaulish village maid; and thus she fearlessly made her way, even to the old Roman halls where the long-haired Hilperik was holding his wild carousal.

Would that we knew more of that interview,—one of the most striking that ever took place! We can only picture to ourselves the Roman tesselated pavement bestrewn with wine, bones, and fragments of the barbarous revelry. There were untamed Franks, their sunburnt hair tied up in a knot

ST. GENEVIEVE AS A CHILD IN PRAYER.
From Painting by Puvis de Chavannes.

at the top of their heads, and falling down like a horse's tail, their faces close shaven, except two huge moustaches, and dressed in tight leather garments, with swords at their wide belts. Some slept, some feasted, some greased their long locks, some shouted out their favorite war-songs around the table, which was covered with the spoils of churches, and at their head sat the wild, long-haired chieftain, who was a few years later driven away by his own followers for his excesses,—the whole scene was all that was abhorrent to a pure, devout, and faithful nature; most full of terror to a woman. Yet there, in her strength, stood the peasant maiden, her heart full of trust and pity, her looks full of the power that is given by fearlessness of them that can kill the body.

What she said we do not know,—we only know that the barbarous Hilperik was overawed; he trembled before the expostulations of the brave woman, and granted all she asked,—the safety of his prisoners, and mercy to the terrified inhabitants. No wonder that the people of Paris have ever since looked back to Geneviève as their protectress, and that in after ages she has grown to be the patron saint of the city.

She lived to see the son of Hilperik, Chlodweh, or, as he was more commonly called, Clovis, marry a Christian wife, Clotilda, and after a time become a Christian. She saw the foundation of the cathedral of Nôtre Dame, and of the two famous churches of St. Denys and of St. Martin of Tours,

and gave her full share to the first efforts for bringing the rude and bloodthirsty conquerors to some knowledge of Christian faith, mercy and purity. After a life of constant prayer and charity she died, three months after King Clovis, in the year 512, the eighty-ninth year of her age.

MULAN, THE MAIDEN CHIEF

A Chinese Ballad

"Say, maiden at your spinning-wheel,
Why heave that deep-drawn sigh?
Is't fear, perchance, or love you feel?
Pray tell—oh, tell me why!"

"Nor fear nor love has moved my soul—
Away such idle thought!
A warrior's glory is the goal
By my ambition sought.

"My father's cherished life to save,
My country to redeem,
The dangers of the field I'll brave:
I am not what I seem.

"No son has he his troop to lead,
No brother dear have I;
So I must mount my father's steed,
And to the battle hie."

'At dawn of day she quits her door,
At evening rests her head
Where loud the mountain torrents roar
And mail-clad soldiers tread.

The northern plains are gained at last,
The mountains sink from view;
The sun shines cold, and the wintry blast
It pierces through and through.

A thousand foes around her fall,
And red blood stains the ground;
But Mulan, who survives it all,
Returns with glory crowned.

Before the throne they bend the knee
In the palace of Changan,
Full many a knight of high degree,
But the bravest is Mulan.

"Nay, prince," she cries, "my duty's done,
No guerdon I desire;
But let me to my home begone,
To cheer my aged sire."

She nears the door of her father's home,
A chief with trumpet's blare;
But when she doffs her waving plume,
She stands a maiden fair.

GODIVA

LORD TENNYSON

I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge,
To watch the three tall spires; and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this:—
Not only we, the latest seed of Time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past, not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtax'd; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl, who ruled
In Coventry; for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, "If we pay, we starve!"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And pray'd him, "If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half-amazed,
"You would not let your little finger ache

For such as *these?*"—"But I would die," said she.
He laugh'd, and swore by Peter and by Paul,
Then filip'd at the diamond in her ear:
"Oh, ay, ay, ay, you talk!"—"Alas!" she said,
"But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answer'd, "Ride you naked thro' the town,
And I repeal it;" and nodding, as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow,
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition, but that she would loose
The people; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing, but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barr'd.
Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasp'd the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She linger'd, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud. Anon she shook her head,
And shower'd the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and like a creeping sunbeam slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reach'd

The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazon'd with armorial gold.
Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity.
The deep air listen'd round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouth'd heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see; the barking cur
Made her cheek flame; her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors thro' her pulses; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared; but she
Not less thro' all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flower'd elder-thicket from the field
Gleam thro' the Gothic archway in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity.
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, pass'd; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless
noon
Was clash'd and hammer'd from a hundred
towers,
One after one; but even then she gain'd
Her bower, whence reissuing, robed and crown'd,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away
And built herself an everlasting name.

THE ENGLISH MERCHANT AND THE SARACEN LADY

GRACE GREENWOOD

IN the reign of Henry the First, of England, called *Beauclerc,* or Fine Scholar (for he was actually so learned that he could write his own name —a great attainment for a king, in those days), there lived in London a rich young merchant, named Gilbert à Becket.

In that simple old time, the wonders of science and art, among which we walk and live just as if they had *always* been—like the trees, the flowers, the sky, and the stars—were never thought of, or dreamed of, except by the great poets, who, maybe, with their prophet-eyes, looked away into the far future, and saw them looming up above the coming ages, like mountain-peaks in the distance of a landscape. Then the great oceans could heave and swell and roar and rage and toss their mad frothing waves up at the sky, as if to defy the great God; and then, obedient to his will, grow quiet and smooth again—year after year, without one single ship venturing over their vast expanse, to be made afraid by their violence or flattered by their calm, —and all the commerce of the world was scarcely equal to that of the smallest and poorest kingdoms of our times. Then going to sea was considered

more perilous than going into battle; voyagers never failed to make their wills, and set their worldly affairs in order, before they weighed anchor and set sail for foreign parts.

But to return to Gilbert à Becket. He was thought a brave and adventurous man, when he left his comfortable English home, and sailed for the Holy Land, to trade with the rich Syrians for satins, velvet, and gems, which he meant to bring to England and sell at a great profit. He probably calculated by this speculation to double his fortune, and perhaps be able to buy a title, and so become one of the nobles of the land, and live in a brave castle, where he would receive the king and court, and entertain them in princely style. But, alas! titles and royal guests were not for him, and all the castle he was ever to lay claim to, was such "a castle in the air" as any one of us may build. He was taken prisoner by the Turks, robbed of his ship, sold as a slave, fettered, and set at work in the palace gardens of Mahmoud, a terrible, fierce-eyed, black-bearded, big-turbaned Saracen chief.

It was a very hard fortune, that of poor Gilbert. He was obliged to toil from morning till night, digging and spading, planting and weeding; and all the while, with the disadvantage of not knowing much about the gardening business, and of having a heavy chain dragging and clanking at his ankles. You may depend that he felt if he could get safe back to England he would never more aspire to castles and titles, nor trouble himself if the king

and the court never should eat a good dinner, or shake their heels at a ball again.

But often out of our greatest misfortune come our best good and happiness; and hope and joy often follow times of fear and sorrow, as beautiful rainbows are made out of storms that have just darkened the sky, and beaten down the flowers. One evening, just as the muezzin from the minarets was calling all pious Mussulmans to prayers, Gilbert à Becket stood leaning against a palm-tree, resting a little from his daily toil, and thinking longingly of his country and home. Just then, a noble young Saracen lady, of marvelous beauty, called Zarina, chanced that way, on her evening walk, and was very much struck by the appearance of the stranger. In truth, as Gilbert stood there, leaning so gracefully against the palm, with his pale face cast down, and his soft auburn hair, half veiling his sad eyes, to say nothing of his long golden eyelashes and his curling, silken moustache, he was a very handsome and interesting young man; and, in spite of that coarse gardener's dress, and that slavish chain, looked as proud and noble as a prince.

Zarina thought so, and, though very modest and timid, drew near to speak a few kind words to him. He looked up, at the sound of her light step, and, for the first time in many months, he smiled, gladdened by the sight of her beautiful, innocent face.

They soon grew to be excellent friends and managed to meet often, and have long walks and talks

in the shaded alleys and bowers of Mahmoud's gardens. They first talked of the birds and flowers; then of the stars and the moonlight; then of love, and then of God. Gilbert told Zarina of the Christian's blessed faith, and related all the beautiful and marvelous stories of our Lord Jesus; and Zarina wondered, and wept, and believed.

Gilbert had learned the Saracen language and spoke it very well; but Zarina did not understand the English at all. The first word of it that ever she spoke was "*yes,*" which Gilbert taught her to say when he asked her if she would be his wife, whenever he could gain his freedom. But month after month—a whole year—went by, and Gilbert was still a captive.

One day, when Zarina met her lover in a shady garden-walk, she said, in a low, gentle voice, and with her tender eyes cast down, "I am a Christian now, dear Gilbert;—I pray to thy God morning and night. Thou knowest I am an orphan. I love no one in all the world but thee; then why should I stay here? Why shouldst thou linger longer in bondage? Let us both fly to England. God will guide us safely over the wide, dark waters; for we are Christians, and need not fear anything. I will meet thee to-night, on the seashore, and bring gold and jewels enough to purchase a vessel and hire a skilful crew. And when, O my Gilbert, we are afloat on the broad blue sea, sailing toward thy home, thou wilt bless me, and love me; wilt thou not?"

The merchant kissed the maiden's hand, and promised to meet her on the strand, at the appointed hour. And he did not fail; but long he walked the lonely shore, and no light-footed Zarina came flitting through the deep night-shadows, and stealing to his side. North, south, east and west he looked; but all in vain. The night was clear, the winds whispered low, the little waves slid up the shining shore, and seemed to invite him to sail away over them, to the great sea beyond; but the stars overhead twinkled so merrily, and winked so knowingly, that he almost fancied they had betrayed the story of his and Zarina's love and intended flight.

At length he heard a quick, light step, and sprang forward with a joyful cry. Alas! it was not Zarina, but her faithful nurse, Safiè, who came to tell him that Zarina's love had been discovered, that her kinsmen had confined her in a strong, guarded tower, and that he must escape alone. She sent him a casket of gold and gems, with a promise that as soon as possible she would make her escape and come to him in London.

There really was nothing for Gilbert à Becket to do but to accept Zarina's casket of jewels, and follow her advice. So, after sending her many loving farewell messages by Safiè, he went.

He had a prosperous voyage, and reached London in safety, where he gave his friends a joyful surprise; for they had given him up for dead.

Year after year went by, and still he saw nothing, heard nothing, of his noble Saracen love, Zarina;

and at last he grew to think of her very sorrowfully and tenderly, as of one dead. But Zarina lived, and lived for him whom she loved, and who had taught her to love God. For years she was kept imprisoned in that lonely, guarded tower, near the sea, where she could only put her sorrow into mournful songs, and sigh her love out on the winds that blew toward England, and gaze up at the bright, kindly stars, and pray for Gilbert. But one night, while the guard slept, the brave maiden stole out on to the parapet, and leaped down many feet, to the ground below. She soon sprang up, unharmed, and made her way to the strand, when she took passage on a foreign vessel for Stamboul. Now, all the English that this poor girl remembered were the words *"Gilbert"* and *"London."* These she repeated, in sad, pleading, inquiring tones, to every one she met; but nobody understood what she meant by them.

From Stamboul she went on her weary, wandering way, from port to port and city to city, till she had journeyed through many strange countries, repeating, everywhere, those two words of English; but all in vain; for, though everybody had heard of London, none knew Gilbert. Yet the people were very kind, and gave her food and shelter, out of pity for her sad face, and in return for the sweet songs which she sung.

At length, after many months of lonely and toilsome wandering, she reached England, and found herself amidst the busy, hurrying throngs of Lon-

don. She gazed about her bewildered, and almost despairing, at finding it so large a place;—it would be so much the harder to find *him*. Yet still, patiently and steadily, up and down the long streets, she went—through market-place and square—past churches and palaces—singing her mournful songs —speaking softly, and more and more sadly, the one beloved word, "*Gilbert!*"

One evening, as Gilbert à Becket, the rich merchant, sat at the banquet table in his splendid London house, entertaining a gay company of rich and noble guests, a servant brought him word that a beautiful Saracen maiden, pale and sorrowful-looking, stood in the square without, singing sad songs, and repeating his name over and over. In a moment Gilbert thought of his beloved Zarina, and, springing up from the table, he rushed out of his brilliant hall, into the street, where poor Zarina stood, with her long, dark hair glistening with the chill night-dew, and her sweet face looking very white and tearful in the moonlight.

He knew her at a glance, though she was sadly changed from the fair young girl he had left in the gardens of Mahmoud, as gay-hearted as the birds, and as blooming as the flowers. He called her name, he caught her in his arms, and the next time that she spoke the dear word "Gilbert!" she murmured it against his heart, while his lips pressed her cheeks, and his eyes dropped happy, loving tears upon her brow. He took her into his princely house, and it became her home from that hour.

She was baptized, and took the Christian name of Matilda; but Gilbert always called her Zarina; for he said he loved that best.

The faithful lovers were married, and lived together for many years, happy, honored, and beloved. Their eldest son, Thomas à Becket, was a powerful and renowned archbishop in the reign of Henry the Second.

And so ends the true story of the "English Merchant and the Saracen Lady."

THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO

It was the good King Konrad with all his army lay
Before the town of Weinsberg full many a weary day;
The Guelph at last was vanquished, but still the town held out;
The bold and fearless burghers they fought with courage stout.

But then came hunger! hunger, that was a grievous guest;
They went to ask for favor, but anger met their quest.
"Through you the dust hath bitten full many a worthy knight,
And if your gates you open, the sword shall you requite!"

Then came the women, praying: "Let be as thou hast said,
Yet give us women quarter, for we no blood have shed!"
At sight of these poor wretches the hero's anger failed,
And soft compassion entered and in his heart prevailed.

"The women shall be pardoned, and each with her
shall bear
As much as she can carry of her most precious
ware;
The women with their burdens unhindered forth
shall go,
Such is our royal judgment—we swear it shall
be so!"

At early dawn next morning, ere yet the east was
bright,
The soldiers saw advancing a strange and won-
drous sight;
The gates swung slowly open, and from the van-
quished town
Forth swayed a long procession of women
weighted down;

For perched upon her shoulders each did her hus-
band bear—
That was the thing most precious of all her house-
hold ware.
"We'll stop the treacherous women!" cried all
with one intent;
The chancellor he shouted: "This was not what
we meant!"

But when they told King Konrad, the good King
laughed aloud;
"If this was not our meaning, they've made it so,"
he vowed,

"A promise is a promise, our loyal word was pledge;
It stands, and no Lord Chancellor may quibble or may hedge."

Thus was the royal scutcheon kept free from stain or blot!
The story has descended from days now half forgot;
'Twas eleven hundred and forty this happened, as I've heard,
The flower of German princes thought shame to break his word.

THE BRAVE WOMEN OF TANN

William James Linton

Sate the heavy burghers
In their gloomy hall,
Pondering all the dangers
Likely to befall,—
Ward they yet or yield the strangers
Their beleaguer'd wall.

"All our trade is ruin'd:
Saw I this afar,—
Said I not—our markets
Month-long siege will mar?
Let not our good town embark its
Fortunes on this war.

"Now our folly takes us:
War first hath his share,
Famine now; who dreameth
Bankrupts can repair
Double loss? or likely seemeth
Victors should despair?

"And our trade is ruin'd:
Little that remains
Let us save, to hearse us

From these bloody pains,
Ere the wrathful foe amerce us
Of our farthest gains!"

Up and speaks young Hermann
With the flushing cheek—
"Shame were it to render:
Though the wall be weak"—
Say the old men—"Let us end or
Certain death we seek!"

In their gloomy chamber
Thus their councils wend:—
"Five of our most trusted
With the morn descend;
Say—So peace may be adjusted
Chained lives we'll spend.

"Now home to our women!
They'll be glad to learn
We have weigh'd so gravely
'Peace' hath fill'd the urn:
Though in truth they've born them
bravely
In this weary turn."

Home unto their women;
But each burgher found
Scorn in place of smiling;
For each good-wife frown'd
On this coward reconciling,
Peace with honour bound.

In their morrow's council
Woman voices rise;
"Count ye babes and women
But as merchandise,
To be traffick'd with the foemen,—
Things of such a price?

"We will man your ramparts;
Ye, who are not men,
Go hide in your coffers!
We will call you when"—
Slid home 'mid the crowd of scoffers
Those five heralds then.

In the morrow's danger
Women take their share;
Many a sad grey morning
Found them watching there:
Till we learn'd from their high scorning
To make light of care.

Chief with our gaunt warders
Hermann's young Betrothed
Pass'd like Victory's Splendour,—
In bright courage clothed:
Fear hid, fearful to offend her,
Knowing himself loathed.

Blinding red the sunset!
In that hopeful breast
Stay'd the foeman's arrow.

So 'twas won. The rest—
How Despair in strait most narrow
Smote the Conqueror's crest—

Matters not. Our women
Drove him to his den.
'Twas his last invasion;
We've had peace since then.—
This is why on State occasion
They precede our men.

SAINT ELIZABETH

WILLIAM WETMORE STORY

FROM the private gateway stealing,
Timidly, with cautious care,
In her hood her face concealing,
Glancing round her everywhere,
Where the narrow pathway leadeth
To the wood beyond the heath,
On her pious errand speedeth
Hungary's Elizabeth.

In her mantle she hath hidden
Bread to carry to the poor;
Yet her mission is forbidden,
And she cannot feel secure,—
Trembling lest the hunt be over,
And returning with his band,
Full of wrath, her lord discover
She hath broken his command.

Only yesterday he swore it,—
Should she dare to disobey,
She should bitterly deplore it
Ere the closing of the day.
Yet one thought her bosom saddens,
Till it makes her heart to bleed,
And the flower that sunshine gladdens
Pities the neglected weed.

Pity for the starving pleadeth
  Ever in her gentle heart,
From the table luxury spreadeth
  She would give to them a part;
Vain and wicked seems the splendor
  That she daily round her sees,
If to them she may not tender
  Even life's necessities.

Not a single eye hath seen her
  Since she left the postern gate,
None but his whose hand can screen her
  From the barbèd shaft of fate.
On she goes,—a thoughtful beauty
  Sleeps within her serious face,
And the inward sense of duty
  Lends her an angelic grace.

Suddenly she stops and listens,
  For a rustling step is near,
And the glancing sunlight glistens
  On a hunter's brandished spear.
As in trembling fear she pauses,
  Like a ship before it strands,
Suddenly her path he crosses,
  And her lord before her stands.

Fiercely then his dark eyes lowered,
  And her very heart grew weak,
As before his glance she cowered,
  Daring not a word to speak;

As the hawk upon the heron,
Ere he stoopeth down the air,
On the lady gazed the Baron,
And he said, "What have you there?"

Then she stood, all unresistant,
Knowing hope from earth was vain,
And the heavens to her seemed distant
In that hour of bitter pain.
For a moment, bowed with sadness,
Prayed she to herself alone,
Then a smile of holy gladness
Over all her features shone.

Passed the pain of her endurance,
But it left a pensive grace,
And a look of sweet assurance
Through it gleamed upon her face,
As the twilight's serious splendor
Looks through fading summer showers,
And she said, in accents tender,
"Pardon—they are only flowers."

"Silly lie!" he muttered, sneering,
As with sudden grasp he tore
From her hands the mantle, bearing
All its charitable store,—
When, in fragrant showers escaping,
Roses strewed the greensward there,
And the curse his lip was shaping
Changed into a silent prayer.

Down before her then he bended,
And the miracle confessed,
And the hand that she extended
Humbly to his lips he pressed,
Saying, "'Tis the will of Heaven,
And I can oppose no more,—
Half my wealth henceforth be given
To relieve the sick and poor."

BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR

Sir Walter Scott

Among the warlike exploits of this period, we must not forget the defense of the castle of Dunbar by the celebrated Countess of March. Her lord had embraced the side of David Bruce and had taken the field with the Regent. The countess, who from her complexion was termed Black Agnes, by which name she is still familiarly remembered, was a high-spirited and courageous woman, the daughter of Thomas Randolph, Earl of Murray, and the heiress of his valor and patriotism. The castle of Dunbar itself was very strong, being built upon a chain of rocks stretching into the sea, and having only one passage to the mainland, which was well fortified. It was besieged by Montague, Earl of Salisbury, who employed to destroy its walls great military engines, constructed to throw huge stones, with which machines fortifications were attacked before the use of cannon.

Black Agnes set all his attempts at defiance, and showed herself with her maids on the walls of the castle, wiping the places where the huge stones fell with a clean towel, as if they could do no ill to her castle, save raising a little dust, which a napkin could wipe away.

The Earl of Salisbury then commanded his engineers to bring forward to the assault an engine of another kind, being a sort of wooden shed, or house, rolled forward on wheels, with a roof of peculiar strength, which, from resembling the ridge of a hog's back, occasioned the machine to be called a sow. This, according to the old mode of warfare, was thrust close up to the walls of a besieged castle or city, and served to protect from the arrows and stones of the besieged a party of soldiers placed within the sow, who, being thus defended, were in the meanwhile employed in undermining the wall, or breaking an entrance through it with pickaxes and mining tools. When the Countess of March saw this engine advanced to the walls of the castle, she called out to the Earl of Salisbury in derision and making a kind of rhyme:

"Beware, Montagow,
For farrow shall thy sow."

At the same time she made a signal, and a huge fragment of rock which hung prepared for the purpose, was dropped down from the wall upon the sow, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces. As the English soldiers, who had been within it, were running as fast as they could to get out of the way of the arrows and stones which were discharged on them from the wall, Black Agnes called out, "Behold the litter of English pigs!"

The Earl of Salisbury could jest also on such serious occasions. One day he rode near the walls

with a knight dressed in armor of proof, having three folds of mail over an acton, or leathern jacket; notwithstanding which, one William Spens shot an arrow from the battlements of the castle with such force, that it penetrated all these defenses, and reached the heart of the wearer. "That is one of my lady's love-tokens," said the Earl, as he saw the knight fall dead from his horse. "Black Agnes's love-shafts pierce to the heart."

Upon another occasion the Countess of March had well-nigh made the Earl of Salisbury her prisoner. She caused one of her people to enter into treaty with the besiegers, pretending to betray the castle. Trusting to this agreement, the earl came at midnight before the gate, which he found open, and the portcullis drawn up. As Salisbury was about to enter, one John Copland, a squire of Northumberland, pressed on before him, and as soon as he passed the threshold, the portcullis was dropped, and thus the Scots missed their principal prey, and made prisoner only a person of inferior condition.

At length the castle of Dunbar was relieved by Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsy, who brought the countess supplies by sea both of men and provisions. The Earl of Salisbury, learning this, despaired of success, and raised the siege, which had lasted nineteen weeks. The minstrels made songs in praise of the perseverance and courage of Black Agnes. The following lines are nearly the sense of what is preserved:

"She kept a stir in tower and trench,
That brawling boisterous Scottish wench;
Came I early, came I late,
I found Agnes at the gate."

THE SOUL OF THE GREAT BELL

LAFCADIO HEARN

THE water-clock marks the hour in the *Ta-chung sz'*—in the Tower of the Great Bell: now the mallet is lifted to smite the lips of the metal monster—the vast lips inscribed with Buddhist texts from the sacred "Fa-hwa-King," from the chapters of the holy "Ling-yen-King"! Hear the great bell responding!—how mighty her voice, though tongueless!—KO-NGAI! All the little dragons on the high-tilted eaves of the green roofs shiver to the tips of their gilded tails under that deep wave of sound; all the porcelain gargoyles tremble on their carven perches; all the hundred little bells of the pagodas quiver with desire to speak. KO-NGAI!—all the green-and-gold tiles of the temple are vibrating; the wooden gold-fish above them are writhing against the sky; the uplifted finger of Fo shakes high over the heads of the worshippers through the blue fog of incense! KO-NGAI!—What a thunder tone was that! All the lacquered goblins on the palace cornices wriggle their fire-colored tongues! And after each huge shock, how wondrous the multiple echo and the great golden moan and, at last, the sudden sibilant sobbing in the ears when the

immense tone faints away in broken whispers of silver—as though a woman should whisper, "*Hiai!*" Even so the great bell hath sounded every day for well-nigh five hundred years—*Ko-Ngai:* first with stupendous clang, then with immeasurable moan of gold, then with silver murmuring of "*Hiai!*" And there is not a child in all the many-colored ways of the old Chinese city who does not know the story of the great bell—who cannot tell you why the great bell says *Ko-Ngai* and *Hiai!*

Now, this is the story of the great bell in the *Ta-chung sz'*, as the same is related in the "Pe-Hiao-Tou-Choue," written by the learned Yu-Pao-Tchen, of the city of Kwang-tchau-fu.

Nearly five hundred years ago the Celestially August, the Son of Heaven, Yong-Lo, of the "Illustrious," or Ming, dynasty, commanded the worthy official Kouan-Yu that he should have a bell made of such size that the sound thereof might be heard for one hundred *li*. And he further ordained that the voice of the bell should be strengthened with brass, and deepened with gold, and sweetened with silver; and that the face and the great lips of it should be graven with blessed sayings from the sacred books, and that it should be suspended in the center of the imperial capital, to sound through all the many-colored ways of the city of Pe-king.

Therefore the worthy mandarin Kouan-Yu assembled the master-moulders and the renowned bell-

smiths of the empire, and all men of great repute and cunning in foundry work; and they measured the materials for the alloy, and treated them skilfully, and prepared the moulds, the fires, the instruments, and the monstrous melting-pot for fusing the metal. And they labored exceedingly, like giants, neglecting only rest and sleep and the comforts of life; toiling both night and day in obedience to Kouan-Yu, and striving in all things to do the behest of the Son of Heaven.

But when the metal had been cast, and the earthen mould separated from the glowing casting, it was discovered that, despite their great labor and ceaseless care, the result was void of worth; for the metals had rebelled one against the other—the gold had scorned alliance with the brass, the silver would not mingle with the molten iron. Therefore the moulds had to be once more prepared, and the fires rekindled, and the metal remelted, and all the work tediously and toilsomely repeated. The Son of Heaven heard, and was angry, but spake nothing.

A second time the bell was cast, and the result was even worse. Still the metals obstinately refused to blend one with the other; and there was no uniformity in the bell, and the sides of it were cracked and fissured, and the lips of it were slagged and split asunder; so that all the labor had to be repeated even a third time, to the great dismay of Kouan-Yu. And when the Son of Heaven heard these things, he was angrier than before; and sent his messenger to Kouan-Yu with a letter, written

upon lemon-colored silk, and sealed with the seal of the Dragon, containing these words:

"From the Mighty Yong-Lo, the Sublime Tait-Sung, the Celestial and August—whose reign is called 'Ming'—to Kouan-Yu the Fuh-yin: Twice thou hast betrayed the trust we have deigned graciously to place in thee; if thou fail a third time in fulfilling our command, thy head shall be severed from thy neck. Tremble and obey!"

Now, Kouan-Yu had a daughter of dazzling loveliness, whose name—Ko-Ngai—was ever in the mouths of poets, and whose heart was even more beautiful than her face. Ko-Ngai loved her father with such love that she had refused a hundred worthy suitors rather than make his home desolate by her absence; and when she had seen the awful yellow missive, sealed with the Dragon-Seal, she fainted away with fear for her father's sake. And when her senses and her strength returned to her, she could not rest or sleep for thinking of her parent's danger, until she had secretly sold some of her jewels, and with the money so obtained had hastened to an astrologer, and paid him a great price to advise her by what means her father might be saved from the peril impending over him. So the astrologer made observations of the heavens, and marked the aspect of the Silver Stream (which we call the Milky Way), and examined the signs of the Zodiac—the *Hwang-tao,* or Yellow Road—and

consulted the table of the five *Hin,* or Principles of the Universe, and the mystical books of the alchemists. And after a long silence, he made answer to her, saying, "Gold and brass will never meet in wedlock, silver and iron never will embrace, until the flesh of a maiden be melted in the crucible; until the blood of a virgin be mixed with the metals in their fusion." So Ko-Ngai returned home sorrowful at heart; but she kept secret all that she had heard, and told no one what she had done.

At last came the awful day when the third and last effort to cast the great bell was to be made; and Ko-Ngai, together with her waiting-woman, accompanied her father to the foundry, and they took their places upon a platform overlooking the toiling of the moulders and the lava of liquefied metal. All the workmen wrought their tasks in silence; there was no sound heard but the muttering of the fires. And the muttering deepened into a roar like the roar of typhoons approaching, and the blood-red lake of metal slowly brightened like the vermilion of a sunrise, and the vermilion was transmuted into a radiant glow of gold, and the gold whitened blindingly, like the silver face of a full moon. Then the workers ceased to feed the raving flame, and all fixed their eyes upon the eyes of Kouan-Yu; and Kouan-Yu prepared to give the signal to cast.

But ere ever he lifted his finger, a cry caused him to turn his head; and all heard the voice of Ko-Ngai

sounding sharply sweet as a bird's song above the great thunder of the fires—"*For thy sake, O my father!*" And even as she cried, she leaped into the white flood of metal; and the lava of the furnace roared to receive her, and spattered monstrous flakes of flame to the roof, and burst over the verge of the earthen crater, and cast up a whirling fountain of many-colored fires, and subsided quakingly, with lightnings and with thunders and with mutterings.

Then the father of Ko-Ngai, wild with his grief, would have leaped in after her, but that strong men held him back, and kept firm grasp upon him until he had fainted away and they could bear him like one dead to his home. And the serving-woman of Ko-Ngai, dizzy and speechless for pain, stood before the furnace, still holding in her hands a shoe, a tiny, dainty shoe, with embroidery of pearls and flowers —the shoe of her beautiful mistress that was. For she had sought to grasp Ko-Ngai by the foot as she leaped, but had only been able to clutch the shoe, and the pretty shoe came off in her hand; and she continued to stare at it like one gone mad.

But in spite of all these things, the command of the Celestial and August had to be obeyed, and the work of the moulders to be finished, hopeless as the result might be. Yet the glow of the metal seemed purer and whiter than before; and there was no sign of the beautiful body that had been entombed therein. So the ponderous casting was made; and

lo! when the metal had become cool, it was found that the bell was beautiful to look upon, and perfect in form, and wonderful in color above all other bells. Nor was there any trace found of the body of Ko-Ngai; for it had been totally absorbed by the precious alloy, and blended with the well-blended brass and gold, with the intermingling of the silver and the iron. And when they sounded the bell, its tones were found to be deeper and mellower and mightier than the tones of any other bell—reaching even beyond the distance of one hundred *li,* like a pealing of summer thunder; and yet also like some vast voice uttering a name, a woman's name—the name of Ko-Ngai!

And still, between each mighty stroke, there is a long low moaning heard; and ever the moaning ends with a sound of sobbing and of complaining, as though a weeping woman should murmur *"Hiai!"* And still, when the people hear that great golden moan they keep silence; but when the sharp, sweet, shuddering comes in the air, and the sobbing of *"Hiai!"* then, indeed, do all the Chinese mothers in all the many-colored ways of Pe-king whisper to their little ones: *"Listen! that is Ko-Ngai crying for her shoe! That is Ko-Ngai calling for her shoe!"*

A LEGEND OF BREGENZ

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR

GIRT round with rugged mountains
The fair Lake Constance lies;
In her blue heart reflected
Shine back the starry skies;
And, watching each white cloudlet
Float silently and slow,
You think a piece of Heaven
Lies on our earth below!

Midnight is there; and Silence,
Enthroned in Heaven, looks down
Upon her own calm mirror,
Upon a sleeping town:
For Bregenz, that quaint city
Upon the Tyrol shore,
Has stood above Lake Constance
A thousand years and more.

Her battlements and towers,
From off their rocky steep,
Have cast their trembling shadow
For ages on the deep:
Mountain, and lake, and valley,
A sacred legend know,
Of how the town was saved, one night,
Three hundred years ago.

Far from her home and kindred
A Tyrol maid had fled,
To serve in the Swiss valleys,
And toil for daily bread;
And every year that fleeted
So silently and fast,
Seemed to bear farther from her
The memory of the Past.

She served kind, gentle masters,
Nor asked for rest or change;
Her friends seemed no more new ones,
Their speech seemed no more strange;
And when she led her cattle
To pasture every day,
She ceased to look and wonder
On which side Bregenz lay.

She spoke no more of Bregenz,
With longing and with tears;
Her Tyrol home seemed faded
In a deep mist of years;
She heeded not the rumors
Of Austrian war and strife,
Each day she rose, contented,
To the calm toils of life.

Yet, when her master's children
Would clustering round her stand
She sang them ancient ballads
Of her own native land;

And when at morn and evening
  She knelt before God's throne,
The accents of her childhood
  Rose to her lips alone.

And so she dwelt; the valley
  More peaceful year by year;
When suddenly strange portents
  Of some great deed seemed near.
The golden corn was bending
  Upon its fragile stock,
While farmers, heedless of their fields,
  Paced up and down in talk.

The men seemed stern and altered,
  With looks cast on the ground;
With anxious faces, one by one,
  The women gathered round;
All talk of flax, or spinning,
  Or work, was put away,
The very children seemed afraid
  To go alone to play.

One day, out in the meadow
  With strangers from the town,
Some secret plan discussing,
  The men walked up and down.
Yet now and then seemed watching
  A strange uncertain gleam,
That looked like lances 'mid the trees
  That stood below the stream.

At eve they all assembled,
Then care and doubt were fled;
With jovial laugh they feasted;
The board was nobly spread.
The elder of the village
Rose up, his glass in hand,
And cried, "We drink the downfall
Of an accursèd land!

"The night is growing darker,
Ere one more day is flown,
Bregenz, our foemen's stronghold,
Bregenz shall be our own!"
The women shrank in terror,
(Yet Pride, too, had her part,)
But one poor Tyrol maiden
Felt death within her heart.

Before her stood fair Bregenz;
Once more her towers arose;
What were the friends beside her?
Only her country's foes!
The faces of her kinsfolk,
The days of childhood flown,
The echoes of her mountains,
Reclaimed her as their own!

Nothing she heard around her,
(Though shouts rang forth again,)
Gone were the green Swiss valleys,
The pasture, and the plain;

Before her eyes one vision,
And in her heart one cry,
That said, "Go forth, save Bregenz,
And then, if need be, die!"

With trembling haste and breathless,
With noiseless step, she sped;
Horses and weary cattle
Were standing in the shed;
She loosed the strong, white charger,
That fed from out her hand,
She mounted, and she turned his head
Towards her native land.

Out—out into the darkness—
Faster, and still more fast;
The smooth grass flies behind her,
The chestnut wood is past;
She looks up; clouds are heavy:
Why is her steed so slow?—
Scarcely the wind beside them
Can pass them as they go.

"Faster!" she cries, "O faster!"
Eleven the church-bells chime:
"O God," she cries, "help Bregenz,
And bring me there in time!"
But louder than bells' ringing,
Or lowing of the kine,
Grows nearer in the midnight
The rushing of the Rhine.

Shall not the roaring waters
Their headlong gallop check?
The steed draws back in terror,
She leans upon his neck
To watch the flowing darkness;
The bank is high and steep;
One pause—he staggers forward,
And plunges in the deep.

She strives to pierce the blackness,
And looser throws the rein;
Her steed must breast the waters
That dash above his mane.
How gallantly, how nobly,
He struggles through the foam,
And see—in the far distance
Shine out the lights of home!

Up the steep banks he bears her,
And now, they rush again
Towards the heights of Bregenz,
That tower above the plain.
They reach the gate of Bregenz,
Just as the midnight rings,
And out come serf and soldier
To meet the news she brings.

Bregenz is saved! ere daylight
Her battlements are manned;
Defiance greets the army
That marches on the land.

And if to deeds heroic
Should endless fame be paid,
Bregenz does well to honor
The noble Tyrol maid.

Three hundred years are vanished.
And yet upon the hill
An old stone gateway rises,
To do her honor still.
And there, when Bregenz women
Sit spinning in the shade,
They see in quaint old carving
The Charger and the Maid.

And when, to guard old Bregenz,
By gateway, street, and tower,
The warder paces all night long
And calls each passing hour;
"Nine," "ten," "eleven," he cries aloud,
And then (O crown of Fame!)
When midnight pauses in the skies,
He calls the maiden's name!

THE FAREWELL OF JOAN OF ARC

FREDERICK SCHILLER

FAREWELL, ye mountains, ye beloved glades,
Ye lone and peaceful valleys, fare ye well!
Through you Johanna never more may stray!
For aye, Johanna bids you now farewell.
Ye meads which I have water'd and ye trees
Which I have planted, still in beauty bloom!
Farewell, ye grottos, and ye crystal springs!
Sweet echo, vocal spirit of the vale,
Who sang'st responsive to my simple strain,
Johanna goes, and ne'er returns again.

Ye scenes where all my tranquil joys I knew,
Forever now I leave you far behind!
Poor foldless lambs, no shepherd now have you!
O'er the wide heath stray henceforth unconfin'd!
For I to danger's field, of crimson hue,
Am summon'd hence, another flock to find.
Such is to me the Spirit's high behest;
No earthly vain ambition fires my breast.

For who in glory did on Horeb's height
Descend to Moses in the bush of flame,
And bade him go and stand in Pharaoh's sight—
Who once to Israel's pious shepherd came,
And sent him forth, his champion in the fight,—

Who aye hath loved the lowly shepherd train,—
He, from these leafy boughs, thus spake to me,
"Go forth! Thou shalt on earth my witness be.

"Thou in rude armor must thy limbs invest,
A plate of steel upon thy bosom wear;
Vain earthly love may never stir thy breast,
Nor passion's sinful glow be kindled there.
Ne'er with the bride-wreath shall thy locks be dress'd,
Nor on thy bosom bloom an infant fair;
But war's triumphant glory shall be thine;
Thy martial fame all women's shall outshine.

"For when in fight the stoutest hearts despair,
When direful ruin threatens France, forlorn,
Then thou aloft my oriflamme shalt bear,
And swiftly as the reaper mows the corn,
Thou shalt lay low the haughty conqueror;
His fortune's wheel thou rapidly shalt turn,
To Gaul's heroic sons deliv'rance bring,
Relieve beleaguer'd Rheims, and crown thy king!"

The heavenly Spirit promised me a sign;
He sends the helmet, it hath come from him.
Its iron filleth me with strength divine,
I feel the courage of the cherubim;
As with the rushing of a mighty wind
It drives me forth to join the battle's din;
The clanging trumpets sound, the chargers rear,
And the loud war-cry thunders in mine ear.

A BALLAD OF ORLEANS

A. Mary F. Robinson

The fray began at the middle-gate,
Between the night and the day;
Before the matin bell was rung
The foe was far away.
No knight in all the land of France
Could gar that foe to flee,
Till up there rose a young maiden,
And drove them to the sea.

Sixty forts around Orleans town,
And sixty forts of stone!
Sixty forts at our gates last night—
To-day there is not one!

Talbot, Suffolk, and Pole are fled
Beyond the Loire, in fear—
Many a captain who would not drink
Hath drunken deeply there—
Many a captain is fallen and drowned,
And many a knight is dead,
And many die in the misty dawn
While the forts are burning red.

Sixty forts around Orleans town,
And sixty forts of stone!
Sixty forts at our gates last night—
To-day there is not one!

The blood ran off our spears all night
As the rain runs off the roofs—
God rest their souls that fell i' the fight
Among our horses' hoofs!
They came to rob us of our own
With sword and spear and lance,
They fell and clutched the stubborn earth,
And bit the dust of France!

Sixty forts around Orleans town,
And sixty forts of stone!
Sixty forts at our gates last night—
To-day there is not one!

We fought across the moonless dark
Against their unseen hands—
A knight came out of Paradise
And fought among our bands.
Fight on, O maiden knight of God!
Fight on and never tire,
For lo! the misty break o' the day
Sees all their forts on fire!

Sixty forts around Orleans town,
And sixty forts of stone!
Sixty forts at our gates last night—
To-day there is not one!

JOAN OF ARC LISTENING TO THE HEAVENLY VOICES.

Prom Painting by Bastien-Lepage.

THE MAID

THEODORE ROBERTS

THUNDER of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid and the white horse, and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools, and a saint riding in Christ's high Name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow,
Dust, the Cross of St. George; dust, the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valor; forgotten, the captain's skill;
Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten, the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of
long ago;
Shadows, the poor French King and the might of
his English foe;
Shadows, the charging nobles, and the archers
kneeling a-row—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid
with her banner of snow!

THE KING'S TRAGEDY

James I of Scots, 20th February, 1437

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

I CATHERINE am a Douglas born,
  A name to all Scots dear;
And Kate Barlass they've called me now
  Through many a waning year.

This old arm's withered now. 'Twas once
  Most deft 'mong maidens all
To rein the steed, to wing the shaft,
  To smite the palm-play ball.

In hall adown the close-linked dance
  It has shone most white and fair;
It has been the rest for a true lord's head,
And many a sweet babe's nursing-bed,
  And the bar to a King's chambère.

Aye, lasses, draw round Kate Barlass,
  And hark with bated breath
How good King James, King Robert's son,
  Was foully done to death.

Through all the days of his gallant youth
  The princely James was pent,
By his friends at first and then by his foes,
  In long imprisonment.

For the elder Prince, the kingdom's heir,
By treason's murderous brood
Was slain; and the father quaked for the child
With the royal mortal blood.

I' the Bass Rock fort, by his father's care,
Was his childhood's life assured;
And Henry the subtle Bolingbroke,
Proud England's King, 'neath the southron yoke
His youth for long years immured.

Yet in all things meet for a kingly man
Himself did he approve;
And the nightingale through his prison-wall
Taught him both lore and love.

For once, when the bird's song drew him close
To the opened window-pane,
In her bowers beneath a lady stood,
A light of life to his sorrowful mood,
Like a lily amid the rain.

And for her sake, to the sweet bird's note,
He framed a sweeter Song,
More sweet than ever a poet's heart
Gave yet to the English tongue.

She was a lady of royal blood;
And when, past sorrow and teen,
He stood where still through his crownless years

His Scottish realm had been,
At Scone were the happy lovers crowned,
A heart-wed King and Queen.

But the bird may fall from the bough of youth,
And song be turned to moan,
And Love's storm-cloud be the shadow of Hate,
When the tempest-waves of a troubled State
Are beating against a throne.

Yet well they loved; and the god of Love,
Whom well the King had sung,
Might find on the earth no truer hearts
His lowliest swains among.

From the days when first she rode abroad
With Scottish maids in her train,
I Catherine Douglas won the trust
Of my mistress sweet Queen Jane.

And oft she sighed, "To be born a King!"
And oft along the way
When she saw the homely lovers pass
She has said, "Alack the day!"

Years waned,—the loving and toiling years:
Till England's wrong renewed
Drove James, by outrage cast on his crown,
To the open field of feud.

'Twas when the King and his host were met
At the leaguer of Roxbro' hold,
The Queen o' the sudden sought his camp
With a tale of dread to be told.

And she showed him a secret letter writ
That spoke of treasonous strife,
And how a band of his noblest lords
Were sworn to take his life.

"And it may be here or it may be there,
In the camp or the court," she said:
"But for my sake come to your people's arms
And guard your royal head."

Quoth he, "'Tis the fifteenth day of the siege,
And the castle's nigh to yield."
"O face your foes on your throne," she cried,
"And show the power you wield;
And under your Scottish people's love
You shall sit as under your shield."

At the fair Queen's side I stood that day
When he bade them raise the siege,
And back to his Court he sped to know
How the lords would meet their Liege.

But when he summoned his Parliament,
The louring brows hung round,
Like clouds that circle the mountain-head
Ere the first low thunders sound.

For he had tamed the nobles' lust
And curbed their power and pride,
And reached out an arm to right the poor
Through Scotland far and wide;
And many a lordly wrong-doer
By the headsman's axe had died.

'Twas then upspoke Sir Robert Græme,
The bold o'ermastering man:—
"O King, in the name of your Three Estates
I set you under their ban!

"For, as your lords made oath to you
Of service and fealty,
Even in like wise you pledged your oath
Their faithful sire to be:—

"Yet all we here that are nobly sprung
Have mourned dear kith and kin
Since first for the Scottish Barons' curse
Did your bloody rule begin."

With that he laid his hands on his King:—
"Is this not so, my lords?"
But of all who had sworn to league with him
Not one spake back to his words.

Quoth the King:—"Thou speak'st but for one Estate,
Nor doth it avow thy gage.
Let my liege lords hale this traitor hence!"
The Græme fired dark with rage:—
"Who works for lesser men than himself,
He earns but a witless wage!"

But soon from the dungeon where he lay
He won by privy plots,
And forth he fled with a price on his head
To the country of the Wild Scots.

And word there came from Sir Robert Græme
To the King at Edinbro':—
"No liege of mine thou art; but I see
From this day forth alone in thee
God's creature, my mortal foe.

"Through thee are my wife and children lost,
My heritage and lands;
And when my God shall show me a way,
Thyself my mortal foe will I slay
With these my proper hands."

Against the coming of Christmastide
That year the King bade call
I' the Black Friars' Charterhouse of Perth
A solemn festival.

And we of his household rode with him
In a close-ranked company;
But not till the sun had sunk from his throne
Did we reach the Scottish Sea.

That eve was clenched for a boding storm,
'Neath a toilsome moon half seen;
The cloud stooped low and the surf rose high;
And where there was a line of the sky,
Wild wings loomed dark between.

And on a rock of the black beach-side,
By the veiled moon dimly lit,
There was something seemed to heave with life
As the King drew nigh to it.

And was it only the tossing furze
Or brake of the waste sea-wold?
Or was it an eagle bent to the blast?
When near we came, we knew it at last
For a woman tattered and old.

But it seemed as though by a fire within
Her writhen limbs were wrung;
And as soon as the King was close to her,
She stood up gaunt and strong.

'Twas then the moon sailed clear of the rack
On high in her hollow dome;
And still as aloft with hoary crest
Each clamorous wave rang home,
Like fire in snow the moonlight blazed
Amid the champing foam.

And the woman held his eyes with her eyes:—
"O King, thou art come at last;
But thy wraith has haunted the Scottish Sea
To my sight for four years past.

"Four years it is since first I met,
'Twixt the Duchray and the Dhu,
A shape whose feet clung close in a shroud,
And that shape for thine I knew.

"A year again, and on Inchkeith Isle
I saw thee pass in the breeze,
With the cerecloth risen above thy feet
And wound about thy knees.

"And yet a year, in the Links of Forth,
As a wanderer without rest,
Thou cam'st with both thine arms i' the shroud
That clung high up thy breast.

"And in this hour I find thee here,
And well mine eyes may note
That the winding-sheet hath passed thy breast
And risen around thy throat.

"And when I meet thee again, O King,
That of death hast such sore drouth,—
Except thou turn again on this shore,—
The winding-sheet shall have moved once more
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"O King, whom poor men bless for their King,
Of thy fate be not so fain;
But these my words for God's message take,
And turn thy steed, O King, for her sake
Who rides beside thy rein!"

While the woman spoke, the King's horse reared
As if it would breast the sea,
And the Queen turned pale as she heard on the gale
The voice die dolorously.

When the woman ceased, the steed was still,
But the King gazed on her yet,
And in silence save for the wail of the sea
His eyes and her eyes met.

At last he said:—"God's ways are His own;
Man is but shadow and dust.
Last night I prayed by His altar-stone;
To-night I wend to the Feast of His Son;
And in Him I set my trust.

"I have held my people in sacred charge,
And have not feared the sting
Of proud men's hate,—to His will resign'd
Who has but one same death for a hind
And one same death for a King.

"And if God in His wisdom have brought close
The day when I must die,
That day by water or fire or air
My feet shall fall in the destined snare
Wherever my road may lie.

"What man can say but the Fiend hath set
Thy sorcery on my path,
My heart with the fear of death to fill,
And turn me against God's very will
To sink in His burning wrath?"

The woman stood as the train rode past,
And moved nor limb nor eye;
And when we were shipped, we saw her there
Still standing against the sky.

As the ship made way, the moon once more
Sank slow in her rising pall;
And I thought of the shrouded wraith of the King,
And I said, "The Heavens know all."

And now, ye lasses, must ye hear
How my name is Kate Barlass:—
But a little thing, when all the tale
Is told of the weary mass
Of crime and woe which in Scotland's realm
God's will let come to pass.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth
That the King and all his Court
Were met, the Christmas Feast being done,
For solace and disport.

'Twas a wind-wild eve in February,
And against the casement-pane
The branches smote like summoning hands
And muttered the driving rain.

And when the wind swooped over the lift
And made the whole heaven frown,
It seemed a grip was laid on the walls
To tug the housetop down.

And the Queen was there, more stately fair
Than a lily in garden set;
And the King was loth to stir from her side;
For as on the day when she was his bride,
Even so he loved her yet.

And the Earl of Athole, the King's false friend,
Sat with him at the board;
And Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign Lord.

Yet the traitor Christopher Chaumber there
Would fain have told him all,
And vainly four times that night he strove
To reach the King through the hall.

But the wine is bright at the goblet's brim
Though the poison lurk beneath;
And the apples still are red on the tree
Within whose shade may the adder be
That shall turn thy life to death.

There was a knight of the King's fast friends
Whom he called the King of Love;
And to such bright cheer and courtesy
That name might best behove.

And the King and Queen both loved him well
For his gentle knightliness;
And with him the King, as that eve wore on,
Was playing at the chess.

And the King said, (for he thought to jest
And soothe the Queen thereby),
"In a book 'tis writ that this same year
A King shall in Scotland die.

"And I have pondered the matter o'er,
And this have I found, Sir Hugh,—
There are but two Kings on Scottish ground,
And those Kings are I and you.

"And I have a wife and a newborn heir,
And you are yourself alone;
So stand you stark at my side with me
To guard our double throne.

"For here sit I and my wife and child,
As well your heart shall approve,
In full surrender and soothfastness,
Beneath your Kingdom of Love."

And the Knight laughed, and the Queen, too, smiled;
But I knew her heavy thought,
And I strove to find in the good King's jest
What cheer might thence be wrought.

And I said, "My Liege, for the Queen's dear love
Now sing the song that of old
You made, when a captive Prince you lay,
And the nightingale sang sweet on the spray,
In Windsor's castle-hold."

Then he smiled the smile I knew so well
When he thought to please the Queen;
The smile which under all bitter frowns
Of hate that rose between,
For ever dwelt at the poet's heart
Like the bird of love unseen.

And he kissed her hand and took his harp,
And the music sweetly rang;
And when the song burst forth, it seemed
'Twas the nightingale that sang.

"Worship, ye lovers, on this May:
Of bliss your kalends are begun:
Sing with us, Away, Winter, away!
Come, Summer, the sweet season and sun!
Awake for shame,—your heaven is won,—
And amorously your hands lift all:
Thank Love, that you to his grace doth call!"

But when he bent to the Queen, and sang
The speech whose praise was hers,
It seemed his voice was the voice of the Spring
And the voice of the bygone years.

"The fairest and the freshest flower
That ever I saw before that hour,
The which o' the sudden made to start
The blood of my body to my heart.
* * * * * *
Ah sweet, are ye a worldly creature
Or heavenly thing in form of nature?"

And the song was long, and richly stored
With wonder and beauteous things;
And the harp was tuned to every change
Of minstrel ministerings;
But when he spoke of the Queen at the last,
Its strings were his own heart-strings.

"Unworthy but only of her grace,
Upon Love's rock that's easy and sure,
In guerdon of all my love's space
She took me as her humble creäture.

Thus fell my blissful aventure
In youth of love that from day to day
Flowereth aye new, and further I say.

"To reckon all the circumstance
As it happed when lessen gan my sore,
Of my rancor and woful chance,
It were too long—I have done therefor.
And of this flower I say no more
But unto my help her heart hath tended
And even from death her man defended."

"Aye, even from death," to myself I said;
For I thought of the day when she
Had borne him the news, at Roxbro' siege,
Of the fell confederacy.

But Death even then took aim as he sang
With an arrow deadly bright;
And the grinning skull lurked grimly aloof,
And the wings were spread far over the roof
More dark than the winter night.

Yet truly along the amorous song
Of Love's high pomp and state,
There were words of Fortune's trackless doom
And the dreadful face of Fate.

And oft have I heard again in dreams
The voice of dire appeal
In which the King then sang of the pit
That is under Fortune's wheel.

"And under the wheel beheld I there
An ugly Pit as deep as hell,
That to behold I quaked for fear:
And this I heard, that who therein fell
Came no more up, tidings to tell:
Whereat, astound of the fearful sight,
I wist not what to do for fright."

And oft has my thought called up again
These words of the changeful song:—
"Wist thou thy pain and thy travàil
To come, well might'st thou weep and wail!"
And our wail, O God! is long.

But the song's end was all of his love;
And well his heart was grac'd
With her smiling lips and her tear-bright eyes
As his arm went round her waist.

And on the swell of her long fair throat
Close clung the necklet-chain
As he bent her pearl-tir'd head aside,
And in the warmth of his love and pride
He kissed her lips full fain.

And her true face was a rosy red,
The very red of the rose
That, couched on the happy garden-bed,
In the summer sunlight glows.

And all the wondrous things of love
That sang so sweet through the song
Were in the look that met in their eyes,
And the look was deep and long.

'Twas then a knock came at the outer gate,
And the usher sought the King.
"The woman you met by the Scottish Sea,
My Liege, would tell you a thing;
And she says that her present need for speech
Will bear no gainsaying."

And the King said: "The hour is late;
To-morrow will serve, I ween."
Then he charged the usher strictly, and said:
"No word of this to the Queen."

But the usher came again to the King.
"Shall I call her back?" quoth he:
"For as she went on her way, she cried,
'Woe! Woe! then the thing must be!'"

And the King paused, but he did not speak.
Then he called for the Voidee-cup:
And as we heard the twelfth hour strike,
There by true lips and false lips alike
Was the draught of trust drained up.

So with reverence meet to King and Queen,
To bed went all from the board;
And the last to leave of the courtly train
Was Robert Stuart the chamberlain
Who had sold his sovereign lord.

And all the locks of the chamber-door
Had the traitor riven and brast;
And that Fate might win sure way from afar,
He had drawn out every bolt and bar
That made the entrance fast.

And now at midnight he stole his way
To the moat of the outer wall,
And laid strong hurdles closely across
Where the traitors' tread should fall.

But we that were the Queen's bower-maids
Alone were left behind;
And with heed we drew the curtains close
Against the winter wind.

And now that all was still through the hall,
More clearly we heard the rain
That clamored ever against the glass
And the boughs that beat on the pane.

But the fire was bright in the ingle-nook,
And through empty space around
The shadows cast on the arras'd wall
'Mid the pictured kings stood sudden and tall
Like spectres sprung from the ground.

And the bed was dight in a deep alcove;
And as he stood by the fire
The King was still in talk with the Queen
While he doffed his goodly attire.

And the song had brought the image back
Of many a bygone year;
And many a loving word they said
With hand in hand and head laid to head;
And none of us went anear.

But Love was weeping outside the house,
A child in the piteous rain;
And as he watched the arrow of Death,
He wailed for his own shafts close in the sheath
That never should fly again.

And now beneath the window arose
A wild voice suddenly:
And the King reared straight, but the Queen fell back
As for bitter dule to dree;
And all of us knew the woman's voice
Who spoke by the Scottish Sea.

"O King," she cried, "in an evil hour
They drove me from thy gate;
And yet my voice must rise to thine ears;
But alas! it comes too late!

"Last night at mid-watch, by Aberdour,
When the moon was dead in the skies,
O King, in a death-light of thine own
I saw thy shape arise.

"And in full season, as erst I said,
The doom had gained its growth;
And the shroud had risen above thy neck
And covered thine eyes and mouth.

"And no moon woke, but the pale dawn broke,
And still thy soul stood there;
And I thought its silence cried to my soul
As the first rays crowned its hair.

"Since then have I journeyed fast and fain
In very despite of Fate,
Lest Hope might still be found in God's will:
But they drove me from thy gate.

"For every man on God's ground, O King,
His death grows up from his birth
In a shadow-plant perpetually;
And thine towers high, a black yew-tree,
O'er the Charterhouse of Perth!"

That room was built far out from the house;
And none but we in the room
Might hear the voice that rose beneath,
Nor the tread of the coming doom.

For now there came a torchlight-glare,
And a clang of arms there came;
And not a soul in that space but thought
Of the foe Sir Robert Græme.

Yea, from the country of the Wild Scots,
O'er mountain, valley, and glen,
He had brought with him in murderous league
Three hundred armèd men.

The King knew all in an instant's flash,
And like a King did he stand;
But there was no armor in all the room,
Nor weapon lay to his hand.

And all we women flew to the door
And thought to have made it fast;
But the bolts were gone and the bars were gone
And the locks were riven and brast.

And he caught the pale pale Queen in his arms
As the iron footsteps fell,—
Then loosed her, standing alone, and said,
"Our bliss was our farewell!"

And 'twixt his lips he murmured a prayer,
And he crossed his brow and breast;
And proudly in royal hardihood
Even so with folded arms he stood,—
The prize of the bloody quest.

Then on me leaped the Queen like a deer:—
"O Catherine, help!" she cried.
And low at his feet we clasped his knees
Together side by side.
"Oh! even a King, for his people's sake,
From treasonous death must hide!"

"For *her* sake most!" I cried, and I marked
The pang that my words could wring.
And the iron tongs from the chimney-nook
I snatched and held to the King:—
"Wrench up the plank! and the vault beneath
Shall yield safe harboring."

With brows low-bent, from my eager hand
The heavy heft did he take;
And the plank at his feet he wrenched and tore;
And as he frowned through the open floor,
Again I said, "For her sake!"

Then he cried to the Queen, "God's will be done!"
For her hands were clasped in prayer.
And down he sprang to the inner crypt;
And straight we closed the plank he had ripp'd
And toiled to smoothe it fair.

(Alas! in that vault a gap once was
Wherethro' the King might have fled:
But three days since close-walled had it been
By his will; for the ball would roll therein
When without at the palm he play'd.)

Then the Queen cried, "Catherine, keep the door,
And I to this will suffice!"
At her word I rose all dazed to my feet,
And my heart was fire and ice.

And louder ever the voices grew,
  And the tramp of men in mail;
Until to my brain it seemed to be
As though I tossed on a ship at sea
  In the teeth of a crashing gale.

Then back I flew to the rest; and hard
  We strove with sinews knit
To force the table against the door;
  But we might not compass it.

Then my wild gaze sped far down the hall
  To the place of the hearthstone-sill;
And the Queen bent ever above the floor,
  For the plank was rising still.

And now the rush was heard on the stair,
  And "God, what help?" was our cry.
And was I frenzied or was I bold?
I looked at each empty stanchion-hold,
  And no bar but my arm had I!

Like iron felt my arm, as through
  The staple I made it pass:—
Alack! it was flesh and bone—no more!
'Twas Catherine Douglas sprang to the door,
  But I fell back Kate Barlass.

With that they all thronged into the hall,
  Half dim to my failing ken;
And the space that was but a void before
  Was a crowd of wrathful men.

Behind the door I had fall'n and lay,
Yet my sense was wildly aware,
And for all the pain of my shattered arm
I never fainted there.

Even as I fell, my eyes were cast
Where the King leaped down to the pit;
And lo! the plank was smooth in its place,
And the Queen stood far from it.

And under the litters and through the bed
And within the presses all
The traitors sought for the King, and pierced
The arras around the wall.

And through the chamber they ramped and stormed
Like lions loose in the lair,
And scarce could trust to their very eyes,—
For behold! no King was there.

Then one of them seized the Queen, and cried,—
"Now tell us, where is thy lord?"
And he held the sharp point over her heart:
She drooped not her eyes nor did she start,
But she answered never a word.

Then the sword half pierced the true true breast:
But it was the Græme's own son
Cried, "This is a woman,—we seek a man!"
And away from her girdle-zone
He struck the point of the murderous steel;
And that foul deed was not done.

And forth flowed all the throng like a sea,
And 'twas empty space once more;
And my eyes sought out the wounded Queen
As I lay behind the door.

And I said: "Dear Lady, leave me here,
For I cannot help you now;
But fly while you may, and none shall reck
Of my place here lying low."

And she said, "My Catherine, God help thee!"
Then she looked to the distant floor,
And clasping her hands, "O God help *him*,"
She sobbed, "for we can no more!"

But God He knows what help may mean,
If it mean to live or to die;
And what sore sorrow and mighty moan
On earth it may cost ere yet a throne
Be filled in His house on high.

And now the ladies fled with the Queen;
And through the open door
The night-wind wailed round the empty room
And the rushes shook on the floor.

And the bed drooped low in the dark recess
Whence the arras was rent away;
And the firelight still shone over the space
Where our hidden secret lay.

And the rain had ceased, and the moonbeams lit
The window high in the wall,—
Bright beams that on the plank that I knew
Through the painted pane did fall
And gleamed with the splendor of Scotland's crown
And shield armorial.

But then a great wind swept up the skies,
And the climbing moon fell back;
And the royal blazon fled from the floor,
And nought remained on its track;
And high in the darkened window-pane
The shield and the crown were black.

And what I say next I partly saw
And partly I heard in sooth,
And partly since from the murderers' lips
The torture wrung the truth.

For now again came the armèd tread,
And fast through the hall it fell;
But the throng was less; and ere I saw,
By the voice without I could tell
That Robert Stuart had come with them
Who knew that chamber well.

And over the space the Græme strode dark
With his mantle round him flung;
And in his eye was a flaming light
But not a word on his tongue.

And Stuart held a torch to the floor,
  And he found the thing he sought;
And they slashed the plank away with their
    swords;
  And O God! I fainted not!

And the traitor held his torch in the gap,
  All smoking and smouldering;
And through the vapor and fire, beneath
  In the dark crypt's narrow ring,
With a shout that pealed to the room's high roof
  They saw their naked King.

Half naked he stood, but stood as one
  Who yet could do and dare;
With the crown, the King was stript away,—
The Knight was reft of his battle-array,—
  But still the Man was there.

From the rout then stepped a villain forth,—
  Sir John Hall was his name;
With a knife unsheathed he leapt to the vault
  Beneath the torchlight-flame.

Of his person and stature was the King
  A man right manly strong,
And mightily by the shoulder-blades
  His foe to his feet he flung.

Then the traitor's brother, Sir Thomas Hall,
Sprang down to work his worst;
And the King caught the second man by the neck
And flung him above the first.

And he smote and trampled them under him;
And a long month thence they bare
All black their throats with the grip of his hands
When the hangman's hand came there.

And sore he strove to have had their knives,
But the sharp blades gashed his hands.
Oh James! so armed, thou hadst battled there
Till help had come of thy bands;
And oh! once more thou hadst held our throne
And ruled thy Scottish lands!

But while the King o'er his foes still raged
With a heart that nought could tame,
Another man sprang down to the crypt;
And with his sword in his hand hard-gripp'd,
There stood Sir Robert Græme.

(Now shame on the recreant traitor's heart
Who durst not face his King
Till the body unarmed was wearied out
With two-fold combating!

Ah! well might the people sing and say,
As oft ye have heard aright:—
"O Robert Graeme, O Robert Graeme,
Who slew our King, God give thee shame!"
For he slew him not as a knight.)

And the naked King turned round at bay,
  But his strength had passed the goal,
And he could but gasp:—"Mine hour is come;
But oh! to succor thine own soul's doom,
  Let a priest now shrive my soul!"

And the traitor looked on the King's spent strength,
  And said:—"Have I kept my word?—
Yea, King, the mortal pledge that I gave?
No black friar's shrift thy soul shall have,
  But the shrift of this red sword!"

With that he smote his King through the breast;
  And all they three in that pen
Fell on him and stabbed and stabbed him there
  Like merciless murderous men.

Yet seemed it now that Sir Robert Græme,
  Ere the King's last breath was o'er,
Turned sick at heart with the deadly sight
  And would have done no more.

But a cry came from the troop above:—
"If him thou do not slay,
The price of his life that thou dost spare
  Thy forfeit life shall pay!"

O God! what more did I hear or see,
  Or how should I tell the rest?
But there at length our King lay slain
  With sixteen wounds in his breast.

O God! and now did a bell boom forth,
And the murderers turned and fled;—
Too late, too late, O God, did it sound!—
And I heard the true men mustering round,
And the cries and the coming tread.

But ere they came, to the black death-gap
Somewise did I creep and steal;
And lo! or ever I swooned away,
Through the dusk I saw where the white face lay
In the Pit of Fortune's Wheel.

And now, ye Scottish maids who have heard
Dread things of the days grown old,—
Even at the last, of true Queen Jane
May somewhat yet be told,
And how she dealt for her dear lord's sake
Dire vengeance manifold.

'Twas in the Charterhouse of Perth,
In the fair-lit Death-chapelle,
That the slain King's corpse on bier was laid
With chaunt and requiem-knell.

And all with royal wealth of balm
Was the body purified;
And none could trace on the brow and lips
The death that he had died.

In his robes of state he lay asleep
With orb and sceptre in hand;
And by the crown he wore on his throne
Was his kingly forehead spann'd.

And, girls, 'twas a sweet sad thing to see
How the curling golden hair,
As in the day of the poet's youth,
From the King's crown clustered there.

And if all had come to pass in the brain
That throbbed beneath those curls,
Then Scots had said in the days to come
That this their soil was a different home
And a different Scotland, girls!

And the Queen sat by him night and day,
And oft she knelt in prayer,
All wan and pale in the widow's veil
That shrouded her shining hair.

And I had got good help of my hurt:
And only to me some sign
She made; and save the priests that were there
No face would she see but mine.

And the month of March wore on apace;
And now fresh couriers fared
Still from the country of the Wild Scots
With news of the traitors snared.

And still, as I told her day by day,
Her pallor changed to sight,
And the frost grew to a furnace-flame
That burnt her visage white.

And evermore as I brought her word,
She bent to her dead King James,
And in the cold ear with fire-drawn breath
She spoke the traitors' names.

But when the name of Sir Robert Græme
Was the one she had to give,
I ran to hold her up from the floor;
For the froth was on her lips, and sore
I feared that she could not live.

And the month of March wore nigh to its end,
And still was the death-pall spread;
For she would not bury her slaughtered lord
Till his slayers all were dead.

And now of their dooms dread tidings came,
And of torments fierce and dire;
And nought she spake,—she had ceased to speak,—
But her eyes were a soul on fire.

But when I told her the bitter end
Of the stern and just award,
She leaned o'er the bier, and thrice three times
She kissed the lips of her lord.

And then she said,—"My King, they are dead!"
And she knelt on the chapel-floor,
And whispered low with a strange proud smile,—
"James, James, they suffered more!"

Last she stood up to her queenly height,
But she shook like an autumn leaf,
As though the fire wherein she burned
Then left her body, and all were turned
To winter of life-long grief.

And "O James!" she said,—"My James!" she said,—
"Alas for the woful thing,
That a poet true and a friend of man,
In desperate days of bale and ban,
Should needs be born a King!"

LITTLE ROSAMOND

A Legend of Kenilworth Castle

GRACE GREENWOOD

IT was the evening of the day set for Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth. Great multitudes of people had been for many hours assembled on the walls, in the chase, and park and gardens, to witness the splendid sight. But her majesty had been detained till twilight at Warwick to receive the homage of her subjects, and now it was announced that the grand entrance would be made by torchlight. At length the great bell of the castle tolled, and a single rocket shot up into the air. Then all held their breath and listened. At first, they could only hear a dull, sea-like sound in the direction of Warwick Castle; but it came nearer and grew louder, till they could distinguish the tramp of horses, music and shouting, and the clang of armor.

When the Queen entered the royal chase, hundreds of great rockets were sent blazing and hissing into the sky; and such a mighty shout was set up by the multitude that it was almost a wonder it didn't jostle the stars out of their places. Yet they did not seem at all disturbed by the tumult, but stayed quietly in their orbits, and winked at one another, as though making fun of the Earl's fireworks. The whole music of the castle burst forth;

then there was a round of artillery and a tremendous discharge of blunderbusses.

The stately procession, illuminated by two hundred great wax torches, borne by armed horsemen, moved slowly from the gate of the park.

The Queen, who was young at that time, and, though not handsome, was noble and grand looking, came mounted on a beautiful milk-white horse, which she managed very well; for she was an admirable rider. She was dressed in the richest silks, velvet and lace; and from head to foot she seemed almost blazing with costly jewels. Beside the Queen rode the Earl of Leicester, on a jet-black steed, one of the handsomest in the world, with silver bits and trappings of velvet and gold. The Earl was gorgeously dressed, and glittered all over with gold and gems. He sat his horse so elegantly, and was so proud in his bearing, that he might have been mistaken for a King had he not ridden bareheaded like the rest of the courtiers. After the Queen and the Earl followed a train of noblemen and ladies, guards, pages, knights, gentlemen and soldiers—a long and splendid cavalcade. On either side stood a line of people, closely packed together, all bowing and shouting their loyal welcomes.

As the Queen was approaching the outer tower she checked her horse to speak to one of her ladies; when suddenly there broke, or rather slid, through the line of soldiers, a little girl, who flung herself at her majesty's feet and grasped her robe, crying:

"A boon! Great Queen, a boon!"

A rude soldier strode forward and lifted his broadsword over the head of the child; when, quick as a flash, a boy, scarcely larger than the girl, leaped out of the crowd, and snatched the sword from the soldier's hand, saying, boldly:

"Thou art a cowardly knave!"

The man turned upon him in rage, caught back the sword, and might have killed him with it, had not the Queen cried:

"Hold, villain! By my faith, I think the lad is right! Wouldst butcher babes like these? Then art thou one of King Herod's men, and none of ours. Stand back!"

Then, turning her eyes on the little girl, who stood trembling at her side, she looked at her a moment in silent surprise. And well she might; for the child was as beautiful as an angel. She could scarcely have been more than ten years of age. She was very fair and delicate, with a tender, appealing face, and a voice sweet, but mournful, like the sound of a wind-harp. She had large, dark eyes, with long heavy lashes; but her eyebrows were a shade lighter; and her hair, which was soft and wavy, was of a rich, golden hue. Now tears were flashing in her eyes; her red lips were quivering; her cheek was brightly flushed; her hair gently lifted from her forehead by the evening wind; and, in her simple white frock, she looked there, under the torchlight, so like a radiant little seraph that the stern Queen spoke softly to her, almost as though in fear, saying:

"Who art thou? and what wouldst thou with me?"

"My name is Rosamond Vere," answered the child; "and I come to put this petition into your own hands, and to beseech your majesty to grant the prayer of a poor motherless little girl, who will pray to God for you every night and morning as long as she lives."

The Queen smiled graciously and took the paper, but said:

"This is no time or place to read petitions, child. Come to the castle to-morrow, at the hour of twelve, and we will give thee audience. But tell me, who is thy brave young champion? By my soul, he hath a right gallant spirit!"

"I do not know, your majesty. I never saw him before," said Rosamond.

The boy of whom they spoke had gone back among the spectators; but on hearing these words he stepped modestly forward. He was a handsome lad, with deep, dark, beaming eyes, and a sort of grand look about his forehead, which made him seem, for all his plain, peasant dress, nobler than any young lord or duke in all that cavalcade.

The Queen smiled on him, and said:

"Well, young rash-head, what art thou called?"

"William Shakespeare, may it please your majesty."

"Marry, a good name, and an honest—and thou art a brave lad. Doubtless we shall hear of thee

when thou art a man. But now away with ye both; for it is late for such chicks to be abroad."

Then she loosened the reins of her horse and rode forward with Leicester; and all the procession moved on again. They passed through the tower, over the bridge, and entered the castle, with another peal of music and discharge of artillery, and such a terrific irruption of rockets that some of the country-women shrieked with fright, thinking that the castle and all the great folks in it were being blown into atoms; some even fancying that they saw the Queen on her white horse riding straight up into the air.

Rosamond Vere went away to Warwick with some friends, and William Shakespeare went home to Stratford with his father and mother. They drove in a rough little wagon; for in those days only kings and nobles had carriages. William sat on a bag of wool behind his parents. His head was full of the splendors he had seen, and his heart beat high and fast with pride because of the Queen's praise. He was greatly excited; but he was tired also; and when they reached home, he was found fast asleep on the wool-bag.

The next day, when little Rosamond presented herself at the castle, she was at once admitted and conducted to an anteroom, where she had a few minutes to wait. She met there an elegant young courtier, one Sir Walter Raleigh, who kindly instructed her how to conduct herself before the Queen. Above all things, he told her she must re-

member never to turn her back on her majesty; but, when she was dismissed, to go out backwards, and Rosamond promised to do as he bade her.

Just at twelve she was summoned by the Lord Chamberlain to the great hall, where the Queen was holding court. She was seated on a throne, under a canopy of state. She wore her crown, and a dress of rich velvet, soft blue like the sky. It was covered with white lace so fine that it looked like light clouds, and was looped up with great diamonds, that shone like stars.

After having been conducted to the foot of the throne, Rosamond knelt there, and looked up timidly into her majesty's face. Alas! it was clouded with a frown.

"And so," exclaimed the Queen, "thou art the daughter of that Walter Vere who lately conspired with other traitors to set our prisoner, Mary of Scotland, free! He hath deserved death; and death he shall have!"

"Oh, have mercy, gracious madam!" cried Rosamond, "my poor father had a tender heart; and the Queen of the Scots moved it by her tears and her beauty. Oh, she is so beautiful, if your grace would see her, you would have pity on her also."

Queen Elizabeth blushed deeply, for she knew in her heart that she was envious of Mary Stuart's beauty; and she said, more sternly than before:

"Thy father hath acted traitorously, and must abide his sentence. Go, child!"

But Rosamond, instead of rising, took from her

bosom a small package and placed it in the Queen's hand. It was a paper containing a ring. On the paper was written the name of Walter Vere, and a verse of Scripture, signed "Anne R." On the ring was engraved a crest, the arms of the Boleyns.

Queen Elizabeth turned pale as she examined these, and hastily asked:

"Where got you this? And this? Speak, girl!"

"My father," answered Rosamond, "was an officer in the Tower at the time the Queen, your mother, was imprisoned there. He was good to her; and the night before she was beheaded she gave him these mementos."

Elizabeth's face softened, and a tear shone for a moment in her cold, gray eye, but did not fall; then she spoke:

"For *her* memory's sake we grant thy prayer. We forgive thy father; but let him see to it how he again braves our ire."

She then wrote an order for the immediate liberation of Walter Vere, stating that she had granted him a full pardon. This paper she was about to give into the hands of an officer, to be conveyed to London; but Rosamond begged that she might carry it herself; and the Queen, kindly assenting, placed her under the charge of the officer, requesting him, with her own lips, to be kind to the child. She extended her beautiful hand to Rosamond, who kissed it fervently, but was too much overcome with joy and thankfulness to speak a word more. She rose up so bewildered, and in such haste to set out on

her journey, that she quite forgot Sir Walter Raleigh's injunctions, and, turning her back on the Queen, actually ran out of the hall, much to the merriment of the gay court.

The rest of Rosamond's story is soon told. She went to London and freed her father, who never got into any trouble of the kind again. She grew to be a beautiful woman, married a country gentleman, and lived for many years far from the great world, but happy and beloved, because always good and loving.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL

SCOTTISH BALLAD

I WISH I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
O that I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee!

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succor me!

O think ye na my heart was sair,
When my love dropt down and spake nae mair!
There did she swoon wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

As I went down the water side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirkconnell lee—

I lighted down, my sword did draw,
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
I hackèd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare!
I'll weave a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair,
Until the day I dee!

O that I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, "Haste, and come to me!"

O Helen fair! O Helen chaste!
Were I with thee I would be blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest,
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I wish my grave were growing green;
A winding-sheet drawn o'er my e'en,
And I in Helen's arms lying
On fair Kirkconnell lee.

I would I were where Helen lies!
Night and day on me she cries,
And I am weary of the skies,
For her sake that died for me!

MARY AMBREE

English Ballad

When captains courageous, whom death could not daunt,
Did march to the siege of the city of Gaunt,
They muster'd their soldiers by two and by three,
And the foremost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When the brave sergeant-major was slain in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy and delight,
Because he was slain most treacherouslie,
Then vowed to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothèd herself from the top to the toe
In buff of the bravest, most seemly to show;
A fair shirt of mail then slippèd on she;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmet of proof she straight did provide,
A strong arming sword she girt by her side;
On her hand a goodly fair gauntlet put she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
Bidding all such, as would, to be of her band;
To wait on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"My soldiers," she saith, "so valiant and bold,
Now follow your captain, whom you do behold;
Still foremost in battle myself will I be:"
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then cried out her soldiers, and loud they did say,
"So well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy heart and thy weapons so well do agree,
No maiden was ever like Mary Ambree."

She cheerèd her soldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancient and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpets, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:"
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She led up her soldiers in battle array,
Gainst three times their number by break of the day:
Seven hours in skirmish continuèd she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

She fillèd the skies with the smoke of her shot,
And her enemies' bodies with bullets so hot;
For one of her own men a score killèd she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoil her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon she slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayèd for lucre of hire,
At length she was forced to make a retire;
Then her soldiers into a strong castle drew she:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they beset her on every side,
As thinking close siege she could never abide;
To beat down the walls they all did decree:
But stoutly defied them brave Mary Ambree.

Then took she her sword and her target in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captains to match any three:
O what a brave captain was Mary Ambree!

"Now say, English captain, what wouldest thou give
To ransom thyself, which else must not live?
Come yield thyself quickly, or slain thou must be:"
Then smilèd sweetly brave Mary Ambree.

"Ye captains courageous, of valor so bold,
Whom think you before you now you do behold?"
"A knight, sir, of England, and captain so free,
Who shortly with us a prisoner must be."

"No captain of England: behold in your sight
Two breasts in my bosom, and therefore no knight;
No knight, sir, of England, nor captain you see,
But a poor simple maiden called Mary Ambree."

"But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in war?
If England doth yield such brave maidens as thee,
Full well may they conquer, fair Mary Ambree."

The Prince of Great Parma heard of her renown,
Who long had advanced for England's fair crown;
He wooed her and sued her his mistress to be,
And offered rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous maiden despisèd them all:
"I'll ne'er sell my honor for purple nor pall;
A maiden of England, sir, never will be
The wench of a monarch," quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her own country she back did return,
Still holding the foes of fair England in scorn;
Therefore English captains of every degree
Sing forth the brave valors of Mary Ambree.

POCAHONTAS

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

WEARIED arm and broken sword
  Wage in vain the desperate fight:
Round him press a countless horde;
  He is but a single knight.
Hark! a cry of triumph shrill
  Through the wilderness resounds,
  As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
  And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'tis hard to die of fire!
  Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
  Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
  Cold the victim's mien, and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
  Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
  See there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight:
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring;
  I am daughter of the King,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
  Lifted axe and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
  And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
  Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
  How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

POCAHONTAS.

HOW THE MOHAWKS SET OUT FOR MEDOCTEC

A Melicite Legend

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

I

GROWS the great deed, though none
Shout to behold it done!
To the brave deed done by night
Heaven testifies in the light.

Stealthy and swift as a dream,
Crowding the breast of the stream,
In their paint and plumes of war
And their war-canoes four score,

They are threading the Oolastook,
Where his cradling hills o'erlook.
The branchy thickets hide them;
The unstartled waters guide them.

II

Comes night to the quiet hills
Where the Madawaska spills,—
To his slumbering huts no warning,
Nor mirth of another morning!

No more shall the children wake
As the dawns through the hut-door break;
But the dogs, a trembling pack,
With wistful eyes steal back.

And, to pilot the noiseless foe
Through the perilous passes, go
Two women who could not die—
Whom the knife in the dark passed by.

III

Where the shoaling waters froth,
Churned thick like devils' broth,—
Where the rocky shark-jaw waits,
Never a bark that grates.

And the tearless captives' skill
Contents them. Onward still!
And the low-voiced captives tell
The tidings that cheer them well:

How a clear stream leads them down
Well-nigh to Medoctec town,
Ere to the great Falls' thunder
The long wall yawns asunder.

IV

The clear stream glimmers before them;
The faint night falters o'er them;
Lashed lightly bark to bark,
They glide the windless dark.

Late grows the night. No fear
While the skilful captives steer!
Sleeps the tired warrior, sleeps
The chief; and the river creeps.

V

In the town of the Melicite
The unjarred peace is sweet,
Green grows the corn and great,
And the hunt is fortunate.

This many a heedless year
The Mohawks come not near.
The lodge-gate stands unbarred;
Scarce even a dog keeps guard.

No mother shrieks from a dream
Of blood on the threshold stream,—
But the thought of those mute guides
Is where the sleeper bides!

VI

Gets forth those caverned walls
No roar from the giant Falls,
Whose mountainous foam treads under
The abyss of awful thunder.

But the river's sudden speed!
How the ghost-grey shores recede!
And the tearless pilots hear
A muttering voice creep near.

A tremor! The blanched waves leap.
The warriors start from sleep.
Faints in the sudden blare
The cry of their swift despair,

And the captives' death-chant shrills.
But afar, remote from ills,
Quiet under the quiet skies
The Melicite village lies.

ALICE VANE

A Legend of Nottingham Castle

GRACE GREENWOOD

OLD Nottingham Castle, a famous stronghold of the early kings of England, was built on a high rock, overlooking the beautiful vale of Belvoir, the hills of Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire wolds and the silvery windings of the river Trent. At the base of the great rock glides the little river Leen.

Little is left now of the old castle, but the rock underneath is curiously perforated in every direction by winding passages and small caverns, some formed by Nature, but most, it is supposed, hewn out of the solid stone by an ancient heathen priesthood of Britain called Druids. They sacrificed human victims to their deity, and made use of these caves as vaults for dead bodies of those they had murdered in a pious way, or as prisons for such refractory men and women as objected to their particular part in the bloody religious ceremony; at least, so we are told by antiquarians.

King John, the bad brother of Richard the Lion-hearted, frequently held his court at Nottingham; and it was the chosen abode of the beautiful Queen Isabella, wife of Edward the Second. The unfortunate Charles the First, in his war with Oliver

Cromwell and the Parliament, hoisted his banner on the highest turret of the castle and with his own hand set up his royal standard on a hill near by. A great storm arose and blew it down that very night, which was taken by the superstitious people for a fearful omen; and when, a few years after, the poor King was brought to Nottingham Castle, on his way to Holmby, in Northamptonshire, a powerless prisoner, everybody said, "I told you so."

For several years during the period of the great civil war between the Royalists and Republicans, one Colonel John Hutchinson was Governor of Nottingham Castle, holding it for Cromwell and the Parliament. It was a very important fortress and the Royalists tried every means in their power to get possession of it. The Earl of Newcastle offered a bribe of ten thousand pounds to Colonel Hutchinson to betray it into his hands; but the gallant Colonel repelled the offer with manly indignation.

When Colonel Hutchinson went to take command of the fortress at Nottingham, he took with him his young wife, a very clever and spirited woman. During the last year of her stay in the castle Mrs. Hutchinson had under her care a little orphan niece by the name of Alice Vane, a beautiful, dark-eyed, sad and silent child.

Alice was but a baby, too young to grieve, when her gentle mother died; but within this year she had lost her father and her only brother, both of whom had been killed at the bloody battle of Naseby. She had dearly loved her noble father,

who, stern as he was among men, was always mild and tender toward her; but she had utterly idolized her brave brother Walter, so beautiful, so young; for he was only seventeen the day of the battle in which he fell.

Alice grieved so bitterly for the loss of these dear ones that her health suffered. She grew very pale and thin; and, when she was brought to her aunt at Nottingham, it was said that she looked more like a sorrowful little spirit than like a flesh-and-blood child. She was a strange, shy, melancholy girl, who in the midst of her grief was seldom seen to weep, but always sought some lonely and silent place in which to indulge her sorrow. She was a true Puritan, plain in speech and manner, but always brave and truthful in heart.

One day, soon after she came to Nottingham, she was allowed to descend with the warden into those curious caves and passages underneath the castle. These she explored with much interest, as she had an adventurous, inquiring spirit; and she fixed upon one little cave, feebly lit by a fissure in the rock, opening out to the day, for her own. She persuaded her kind friends to allow her to spend an hour or two every day here, taking with her some of her books and playthings.

She loved to escape to this quiet spot, from the sound of endless praying and psalm-singing and religious discussions, which she could not understand, from the clang of muskets and the noise of rude soldiers, to read her little Bible, to repeat her hymns

and the simple prayers her father had taught her, to think of him and her darling brother, and to weep for them, without being told that it was sinful rebellion against God to mourn for those He had taken to Himself.

One sunny day, when the light in her cave was unusually clear, Alice noticed that the wall in one corner did not seem of solid rock, but was formed of stones piled one upon another.

Little girls were as curious two hundred years ago as they are nowadays. So Alice went to work at once, pulling and heaving with all her might; and at last the stones gave way, one after another, and she saw that they had hid a small, low passage, leading directly down to the river Leen.

All was dark at first; but after a moment there was a little gleaming of sunlight and green leaves at the farther end of the passage. This was charming, after being so long confined to the courtyard of a castle, to be able to sit under the shade of the thick shrubbery, on the banks of that pretty stream, to gather flowers and put her feet in the water, and remember pleasant old times! So she lost not a moment; but, gathering her frock about her, and crouching low, she groped her way carefully downward and stole out into the sunshine. She found that the mouth of the passage was completely hid on the outside by bushes, and that she, as she sat herself down on a bank, sweet with violets and bright with cowslips, could not be seen from the plain below, or the castle above.

As she sat there, listening to the birds and wondering why it was that they never seemed to be singing solemn songs like the Puritans, never seemed to be preaching or rebuking, but always trying to cheer her heart with notes of joy and little melodious laughters—so sweet, so tender, as though they were loving aloud,—her eye caught something gleaming through the foliage near by, which she took for a bunch of scarlet poppies. But, going nearer, she found that it was the end of a silken scarf; and, putting aside some bushes, she saw that this was a part of the dress of a young man, who was lying asleep close against the rock.

He was a Cavalier. Alice knew it at once by his rich velvet doublet, his plumed and jeweled hat and his long curls. The scarlet scarf she had first noticed was bound about his right arm; and Alice now saw that it and the lace ruffles at his wrist were deeply stained with blood. He was a very handsome, gallant-looking young man, but so deathly pale, and with so much suffering in his face, that Alice pitied him; and, like the good, brave girl she was, she laid her hand on his shoulder, and shook him gently, to waken him. He sprang up instantly and half drew his sword. Alice did not scream; she scarcely moved, but said very calmly, "It is only I, a little girl. What can I do for you, Sir Cavalier?"

The young man looked at her doubtfully at first and questioned her closely; but when he found that she was quite alone, and that she gave frank,

straightforward answers, he confided in her and begged her to help him. He was a nobleman, Lord Villiers, in the service of the King. He had been wounded the night before, in a skirmish, near the castle, by a deep sword-cut in the arm, and stunned by a fall from his horse. His men, who were defeated, had left him for dead; but he had revived, and in the early morning had dragged himself to this spot, where he had hid, hoping to be able to escape that night to some place of safety. But now, he said, he found himself so weak from pain, loss of blood, and want of food, that he doubted whether he could walk at all. Alice advised him to yield himself up as a prisoner of war at the castle; but he swore an oath, that made her shudder, that he would sooner die where he was.

"Then," said she, quietly, "I must do my best to conceal you, and nurse and feed you, till you are well enough to go on your way. Trust in me, and follow me."

The Cavalier did as he was bid; but, before entering the narrow, dark passage, he held up the cross of his sword-handle and bade Alice swear she would not betray him into her uncle's hands. But the little lady put it away with a great deal of dignity, and said, "I have promised. We Republicans do not need oaths to hold us to our word."

Alice took back with her an armful of leafy branches, and, when they reached her little cave, spread them down for Lord Villiers to lie upon. She gave him for a pillow the cushion she had used

to kneel on for her devotions and laid over him her own little mantle. She then stole up into the castle and got some refreshment for him, and a roll of old linen to bandage his arm. This she dressed as well as she knew how; then smoothed his pillow, tucked her mantle closer about him, advised him to say his prayers like a good Christian, bade him good-night, and left him to his rest.

Alice had watched her aunt nursing wounded soldiers; and the next morning, thinking it very probable that Lord Villiers's arm would be inflamed, she took down suitable medicines and dressings. She found her patient tossing and moaning with fever, and for two or three days he suffered a great deal; then she had the happiness to see him get better and stronger, till he began to talk and lay plans about leaving her. The young noble was gentle and grateful and Alice grew really fond of him, though it grieved her that he was a Papist and a Royalist. He was very familiar and confiding with his little friend and told her of his beautiful sister, who was a great Duchess, and showed her a miniature, which he wore next his heart, of a still lovelier and dearer lady; and Alice one day told him her sad story, in a low, mournful voice, struggling hard to keep the tears back, while her friend laid his hand on her head in a soft, pitying way.

At last little Alice brought the joyful news that a considerable body of Royalist troops were encamped in the neighborhood; and Lord Villiers resolved to escape and join them that very night.

In preparation for this escape, he proceeded to buckle on his sword-belt, which he had laid aside during his illness. As Alice sat watching him, her eye fell, for the first time, on a jewel-hilted dagger, which he wore under his doublet.

Giving a quick, sharp cry, she sprang forward, caught this from its sheath, and, holding it up, exclaimed, "Where did you get this? Tell me! O, tell me!"

The Cavalier was a good deal startled; but he replied, very directly, "Why, to tell the truth, I took it from the body of a young Roundhead whom I killed at Naseby. I did not take it as a trophy of war, but as a memento of him; for, though a mere boy, he was as brave as a lion."

"You killed our Walter!—*You?*" cried Alice, in a tone of heart-breaking reproach; then, sinking back, she clasped the dagger against her breast, and, bowing her head, rocked back and forth, murmuring, "O brother! brother!"

The careless young nobleman was shocked and grieved for Alice. He laid his hand on her head in the old caressing way; but she flung it off, with a shudder. Then, a little frightened, he exclaimed, "Now, Alice, you hate me, and perhaps you will betray me."

But Alice, lifting her head proudly, replied, "Do you Royalists have such notions of honor? We Republicans do not know how to break our word or betray a trust. You are safe; and you would have been safe had you killed my father and every-

body I loved in the world; for you trusted in me."

They parted, not as enemies, but hardly as friends; for Alice could not again shake cordially the hand that had cut down her beloved, only brother. She kept Walter's dagger and treasured it sorrowfully all her life.

Lord Villiers escaped that night and joined the Royalist troops in safety. He continued to fight for the King till there was no more hope; then went over to France, where he remained until after the Restoration, when he was appointed an officer in the court of Charles the Second.

One of the first things he did was to inquire for the family of Colonel Hutchinson; for he had always gratefully remembered his young protectress. He found that the colonel was imprisoned in the Tower, in very ill health, and that his wife and niece, now a young woman grown, were faithfully attending him. So he wrote to Alice, telling her how grateful he had ever been for her goodness and care and brave protection, which had surely saved his life, and how he hoped she bore no malice toward him in her heart for the death of her brother. He went on to say that he could not rest till he had done something to repay her for her great kindness; that he had it in his power through his wife (for he was now married), and his sister, the beautiful Duchess, to obtain for her the envied situation of Maid of Honor to the Queen. He said that, among the many beauties of that gay court, there was not

one so lovely in his eyes as his dear little protectress had promised to be; and that, should she accept the offered place, a life of luxury and pleasure would be before her; for everybody, from the King and Queen down to the pages and falconers of the court, would admire and love her for the beauty of her face and the nobleness of her character.

Alice Vane replied to Lord Villiers in a frank, straightforward letter.

"DEAR FRIEND: It has given me joy to hear by thy letter that thou art living and wedded to the maiden thy heart hath cleaved unto so long; but I am grieved that thou art exposing her and thyself to the temptations of a most ungodly court.

"I have long ago forgiven thee that cruel sword-thrust which made untimely end of my comely young brother's life, and of the best joy of mine, and I have prayed that the Lord in His exceeding mercy will hold thee guiltless of his blood. Ye did meet in fair fight; and verily, hadst thou borne thyself less manfully, thou wouldst have lain in poor Walter's place.

"Thou dost owe me naught for the little service I did thee. I would have done the same for the poorest man in the realm, had he so needed.

"Thy gay court is no place for a lowly Christian maiden like me. Thine offer was made in kindness; but forbear to urge it, lest thou wouldst have me come to stand before the man, Charles Stuart, and warn him to repent of his waste and wickedness, and turn unto the Lord while it is yet time.

"We have been sorely tried by persecutions, loss and imprisonment; but the God of Israel hath been

with us in His spirit and His word, and we have not been dismayed.

"I shall tarry with my kinsfolk as long as they have such earnest need of me; but when I have release from this dear duty, with a beloved and godly friend, whom the Lord hath raised up for me, I shall depart from this unhappy country, which hath backslidden from liberty and the true faith, to a land where we may worship in freedom and in peace. We shall cross the great deep, to where, in the heathen wilderness of America, God hath prepared a refuge for His people.

"The Lord be with thee and preserve thee amid all the temptations that beset thee, and bring thee home, if even by sore chastening, to thy Father's house at last.

"I rest thy friend,

"ALICE VANE."

GRIZEL HUME

GRACE GREENWOOD

A SHORT time before the death of Charles the Second there was an enterprise formed by several eminent English and Scottish lords and gentlemen, to prevent the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second, of England, from ascending the throne. Through treachery and rashness this enterprise failed, and many of those engaged in it were arrested and put to death. Among the few leaders who escaped the vengeance of the government was the good and brave Sir Patrick Hume of Polwarth. It happened that the party of soldiers sent to arrest him stopped for refreshment at the house of a nobleman known to be loyal. Here they inquired the way to Polwarth Castle, and their hostess, being a friend to Sir Patrick, resolved to give him warning. She did not dare to write, nor even to trust one of her servants to carry a plain message to her neighbor; but, being very ingenious, she took an eagle's feather, and wrapping it in a piece of blank paper, sent it by a fleet-footed Highland boy across the hills to Polwarth. She then put wines and rich meats before her guests and made them so extremely comfortable that they lingered at her house as long as possible.

Sir Patrick understood at once, from the token she sent, that he was in danger and must fly or secrete himself. He resolved upon the latter course as the least hazardous, and could think of no safer hiding-place than a vault in Polwarth churchyard, where his ancestors were buried.

It was a dismal place enough—damp, dark and cold—with dead men and women and children lying all about in mouldering coffins, covered with tattered black palls; but it was better than a prison cell, chains and a scaffold.

Scarcely had he secreted himself before the soldiers arrived. They searched for him high and low, far and wide—everywhere but in the old vault. Then they separated and went off in various directions, still searching, inquiring and swearing at their ill luck. At night, a faithful domestic carried a bed and some blankets to the churchyard, flung them down into the vault, and then ran home, his heart beating loud and his teeth chattering for fear of ghosts and hobgoblins.

But there was one who was not frightened from her duty by any such wild fancies, so full was her heart of that "perfect love which casteth out fear." This was Sir Patrick's daughter, Grizel, a beautiful young lady, only eighteen, but thoughtful, courageous and prudent beyond her years. She was the only one who could be trusted to carry her father his food, which must always be taken to him at midnight. Her mother, who was rather afflicted with cowardice—"nervousness" she called it—

waited for her return in dreadful anxiety and when she came, took her in her arms, blessed her and rejoiced over her as though she had risen from the dead. "But did it no fright you, lassie, to pass through the kirk-yard at such an awful time o' night?" she asked.

"No, no, Mother," said Grizel, smiling; "I knew God could take care of me as well at midnight as at noonday, and I felt that every star above was a kind angel's face, watching over me. I feared nothing, Mother, but the minister's dogs, lest their barking should rouse the people at the manse and dear Father's hiding-place be discovered."

The next day Lady Hume sent for the minister and, complaining of a fear of mad dogs, persuaded him to shut up his dogs for a time.

Grizel had a good deal of trouble in obtaining food for her father without the knowledge of the servants; for it was not thought best to trust them with her secret. She used to watch her chance and take pieces of meat and bread from the table, when the family were at dinner. One day, when they had sheep's head, a good old Scotch dish, Grizel took a larger portion than usual off the platter and hid it in her napkin. Scarcely had she done so when one of her brothers, a little boy, and apt to blunder out the wrong thing at the wrong time and place, cried out indignantly, "O Mother, see Grizzy! while we were supping the broth, she has eaten up almost all the sheep's head." The poor girl feared that her secret would be discovered then, but the

servants present only wondered what had come over Miss Grizel to be so greedy.

Sir Patrick remained in the funeral vault with no light by day but what came through a little hole at one end, and no amusement but reading and reciting psalms for several weeks; then he ventured to return for a little while to his house and from there he made his escape in safety to Holland, where he remained till after the death of Charles the Second.

THE TWO MARGARETS

GRACE GREENWOOD

IN May, 1685, during the reign of James the Seventh, two women, one named Margaret Maclaughlin, and the other Margaret Wilson, were arrested for attending a field-meeting, and, refusing to conform, were sentenced to death. The first was an aged woman, weary of a world in which she had seen a great deal of trouble, and longing to depart and be with Christ. But the other, Margaret Wilson, was young—only eighteen and very fair. She had many to love her, for she loved many, and to her this earth seemed very beautiful. Yet she loved God better than life and went bravely, even cheerfully, to death for His sake.

The form of execution fixed upon for these two was singular, as well as very cruel. They were sentenced to be bound to stakes, driven down into the sea beach, when the tide was coming in—there to stand until the waters should overwhelm and drown them.

The morning when the people and the troops assembled on the seashore to see this sentence carried into execution was very bright and balmy. The blackbirds and thrushes, in the dark fir-trees, sang as gaily as ever; and the wild sea-birds, whirling in

the pleasant air, screamed out their shrill delight, while God's beautiful sunlight fell, as His rain and dew descend, "on the just, and on the unjust."

The two Margarets came down to the beach, escorted by a troop of rude soldiers, and followed by a crowd of weeping friends. They both walked firmly and were very calm, though their faces were deadly pale, and their lips moved in prayer. Before they were fastened to the stakes, they were told that their lives would be spared if they would, even then, renounce the Covenant. But again they firmly refused. Then they took a last leave of their friends.

Margaret Maclaughlin had children and grandchildren present. She kissed them and blessed them all, very tenderly and solemnly. One little grandson she took in her aged arms, and pressed to her bosom. He twined his chubby arms around her neck and cried, though he did not know why, only that he saw tears on her dear old cheeks. When she was led away to the stake, he struggled in his father's arms, and cried out: "Come back, grandmither! Dinna gang awa' into the black sea —come back to Johnny!" This drew tears from many eyes in the crowd and even touched the hard hearts of such of the soldiers as had children or grandchildren of their own.

Margaret Wilson had to part with a father and mother, brothers and sisters. She was the calmest of them all, though she wept very much, especially when she parted from her mother, who was a sickly

woman and needed her help. This poor mother fainted in her husband's arms when their beloved daughter was led away by the soldiers. One of Margaret's brothers, a little boy, clung longest to her, sobbing and shrieking with passionate grief.

"Hush! hush! Jamie," said the young martyr; "it breaks my heart to hear you; and if you fill my ears wi' yer loud greeting, I canna hear the whispers o' the angels wha come to strengthen me!"

Then Jamie grew still, let go her dress, and turned his face away. But when he saw her bound to the stake and the waves rising around her, his wild grief broke out afresh and he rushed into the water, crying: "I am a Covenanter, too; I will go drown wi' my dear sister Maggie." He had to be brought back by force, and the incident so affected the spectators that many shouted, "Rescue the women! Save them! save them!"

The military force was too strong for a rescue; but the people had hopes that they might be saved, for the magistrate seemed to relent for a moment, and said that if the women would say, "God save the King!" they might go free.

Then the people shouted to them to yield this much. "Consider," they said, "it is your duty to pray even for the greatest sinner!" "Ay, but not at the bidding of every profligate," replied brave old Margaret Maclaughlin. But as sweet Margaret Wilson said that she "wished not that any should perish, but that all should have everlasting life," they cried out that she had prayed for the

king, and rushing into the water, brought her out.

Then the magistrate, growing hard again, asked her sternly if she was ready now to renounce the Covenant. "No," she answered, with gentle firmness, "I have signed the Covenant, and I will abide by it for aye, wi' the help o' the God o' the Covenant." Then the magistrate grew very angry and commanded that "the obstinate lass" should be taken back to the stake.

Then the two Margarets spoke cheering words to one another, and for a while looked toward the shore, smiling and waving their hands in loving farewell; but as the tide came in strong and stronger, they clasped their hands on their breasts, raised their eyes, and gave themselves up wholly to prayer.

The foaming waves rose to Margaret Wilson's slender waist, over her gentle, noble heart, above her white praying hands; and they rose above Margaret Maclaughlin's strong, faithful heart, over her shrivelled, praying hands, trembling with cold; then, only two faces were seen—one, young and fair, the other old and wrinkled—but both beaming with saintly glory; and last, two heads of long hair—one gray, and the other golden—floated for a moment on the crest of a wave, and then sunk out of sight. The golden hair remained visible a little longer than the other; for, to the last, Margaret Wilson kept her face turned toward Heaven, as though to welcome the angels coming to receive her soul; but old Mar-

garet Maclaughlin closed her eyes and let her head sink on her breast, as though she wished to be carried sleeping to her Father's mansion, in the arms of angels, like a wearied child.

When all was over, it happened that a little wave brought to Jamie Wilson's feet the snood, or white ribbon, which had confined his sister's beautiful hair. He caught it up, kissed it, wept over it, hid it next his heart, and ever after treasured it as the relic of a saint.

GRIZEL COCHRANE'S RIDE

Elia W. Peattie

In the midsummer of 1685, the hearts of the people of old Edinburgh were filled with trouble and excitement. King Charles the Second, of England, was dead, and his brother, the Duke of York, reigned in his stead to the dissatisfaction of a great number of the people.

The hopes of this class lay with the young Duke of Monmouth, the ambitious and disinherited son of Charles the Second, who, on account of the King's displeasure, had been living for some time at foreign courts. On hearing of the accession of his uncle, the Duke of York, to the throne, Monmouth yielded to the plans of the English and Scottish lords who favored his own pretensions, and prepared to invade England with a small but enthusiastic force of men.

The Duke of Argyle, the noblest lord of Scotland, who also was an exile, undertook to conduct the invasion at the north, while Monmouth should enter England at the west, gather the yeomanry about him and form a triumphant conjunction with Argyle in London, and force the "usurper," as they called King James the Second, from his throne.

Both landings were duly made. The power of Monmouth's name and rank rallied to his banner at

first a large number of adherents; but their defeat at Sedgemoor put an end to his invasion. And the Duke of Argyle, a few days after his landing in Scotland, was met by a superior force of the King's troops. Retreating into a morass, his soldiers were scattered and dispersed. Many of his officers deserted him in a panic of fear. The brave old nobleman himself was taken prisoner, and beheaded at Edinburgh, while all the people secretly mourned. He died without betraying his friends, though the relentless King of England threatened to compel him to do so, by the torture of the thumb-screw and the rack.

Many of his officers and followers underwent the same fate; and among those imprisoned to await execution was a certain nobleman, Sir John Cochrane, who had been made famous by other political intrigues. His friends used all the influence that their high position accorded them to procure his pardon, but without success; and the unfortunate baronet, a moody and impulsive man by nature, felt that there was no escape from the terrible destiny, and prepared to meet it in a manner worthy of a follower of the brave old duke. But he had one friend on whose help he had not counted.

In an upper chamber of an irregular, many-storied mansion far down the Canongate, Grizel Cochrane, the imprisoned man's daughter, sat through the dread hours waiting to learn her father's sentence. There was too little doubt as to

what it would be. The King and his generals meant to make merciless examples of the leaders of the rebellion. Even the royal blood that flowed in the veins of Monmouth had not saved his head from the block. This proud prince, fleeing from the defeat of Sedgemoor, had been found hiding in a ditch, covered over with the ferns that flourished at the bottom. Grizel wept as she thought of the young duke's horrible fate. She remembered when she had last seen him about the court at Holland, where she had shared her father's exile. Gay, generous, and handsome, he seemed a creature born to live and rule. What a contrast was the abject, weeping coward covered with mud and slime, who had been carried in triumph to the grim Tower of London to meet his doom!

The girl had been taught to believe in Monmouth's rights, and she walked the floor trembling with shame and impatience as she thought of his bitter defeat. She walked to the little dormer window and leaned out to look at the gray castle, far up the street, with its dull and lichen-covered walls. She knew that her father looked down from the barred windows of one of the upper apartments accorded to prisoners of state. She wondered if a thought of his little daughter crept in his mind amid his ruined hopes. The grim castle frowning at her from its rocky height filled her with dread; and shuddering, she turned from it toward the street below to let her eyes follow absently the passers-by. They whispered together as they

passed the house, and when now and then some person caught a glimpse of her face in the ivy-sheltered window, she only met a look of commiseration. No one offered her a happy greeting.

"They all think him doomed," she cried to herself. "No one hath the grace to feign hope." Bitter tears filled her eyes, until suddenly through the mist she was conscious that some one below was lifting a plumed hat to her. It was a stately gentleman with a girdled vest and gorgeous coat and jeweled sword-hilt.

"Mistress Cochrane," said he, in that hushed voice we use when we wish to direct a remark to one person, which no one else shall overhear, "I have that to tell thee which is most important."

"Is it secret?" asked Grizel, in the same guarded tone that he had used.

"Yes," he replied, without looking up, and continuing slowly in his walk, as if he had merely exchanged a morning salutation.

"Then," she returned, hastily, "I will tell Mother; and we will meet thee in the twilight, at the side door under the balcony." She continued to look from the window, and the man sauntered on as if he had no care in the world but to keep the scarlet heels of his shoes from the dust. After a time Grizel arose, changed her loose robe for a more ceremonious dress, bound her brown braids into a prim gilded net, and descended into the drawing-room.

Her mother sat in mournful state at the end of

the lofty apartment. About her were two ladies and several gentlemen, all conversing in low tones such as they might use, Grizel thought to herself, if her father were dead in the house. They all stopped talking as she entered, and looked at her in surprise. In those days it was thought very improper and forward for a young girl to enter a drawing-room uninvited, if guests were present. Grizel's eyes fell before the embarrassing scrutiny, and she dropped a timid courtesy, lifting her green silken skirts daintily, like a high-born little maiden, as she was. Lady Cochrane made a dignified apology to her guests and then turned to Grizel.

"Well, my daughter?" she said, questioningly.

"I pray thy pardon, Mother," said Grizel, in a trembling voice, speaking low, that only her mother might hear; "but within a few moments Sir Thomas Hanford will be secretly below the balcony with news for us."

The lady half rose from her seat, trembling.

"Is he commissioned by the governor?" she asked.

"I cannot tell," said the little girl; but here her voice broke, and regardless of the strangers, she flung herself into her mother's lap, weeping; "I am sure it is bad news of Father!"

Lady Cochrane wound her arm about her daughter's waist, and, with a gesture of apology, led her from the room. Half an hour later she reëntered it hurriedly, followed by Grizel, who sank unnoticed

in the deep embrasure of a window, and shivered there behind the heavy folds of the velvet hangings.

"I have just received terrible intelligence, my friends," announced Lady Cochrane, standing, tall and pale, in the midst of her guests. "The governor has been informally notified that the next post from London will bring Sir John's sentence. He is to be hanged at the Cross."

There was a perfect silence in the dim room; then one of the ladies broke into loud sobbing, and a gentleman led Lady Cochrane to a chair, while the others talked apart in earnest whispers.

"Who brought the information?" asked one of the gentlemen, at length. "Is there not hope that it is a false report?"

"I am not at liberty," said Lady Cochrane, "to tell who brought me this terrible news; but it was a friend of the governor, from whom I would not have expected a service. Oh, is it too late," she cried, rising from her chair and pacing the room, "to make another attempt at intercession? Surely something can be done!"

The gentleman who had stood by her chair—a gray-headed, sober-visaged man—returned answer:

"Do not count on any remedy now, dear Lady Cochrane. I know this new King. He will be relentless toward any one who has questioned his right to reign. Besides, the post has already left London several days, and will doubtless be here by to-morrow noon."

"I am sure," said a gentleman who had not yet

spoken, "that if we had a few days more he might be saved. They say King James will do anything for money, and the wars have emptied his treasury. Might we not delay the post?" he suggested, in a low voice.

"No," said the gray-headed gentleman; "that is utterly impossible."

Grizel, shivering behind the curtain, listened with eager ears. Then she saw her mother throw herself into the arms of one of the ladies and break into ungoverned sobs. The poor girl could stand no more, but glided from the room unnoticed and crept up to her dark chamber, where she sat, repeating aimlessly to herself the words that by chance had fixed themselves strongest in her memory: "Delay the post—delay the post!"

The moon arose and shone in through the panes, making a wavering mosaic on the floor as it glimmered through the wind-blown ivy at the window. Like a flash, a definite resolution sprang into Grizel's mind. If, by delaying the post, time for intercession with the King could be gained, and her father's life so saved, then the post *must* be delayed! But how? She had heard the gentleman say that it would be impossible. She knew that the postboy went heavily armed, to guard against the highwaymen who frequented the roads in search of plunder. This made her think of the wild stories of masked men who sprung from some secluded spot upon the postboys, and carried off the letters and money with which they were intrusted.

Suddenly she bounded from her seat, stood still a moment with her hands pressed to her head, ran from her room and up the stairs which led to the servants' sleeping apartments. She listened at a door, and then, satisfied that the room was empty, entered, and went straight to the oaken wardrobe. By the light of the moon she selected a jacket and a pair of trousers. She looked about her for a hat and found one hanging on a peg near the window; then she searched for some time before she found a pair of boots. They were worn and coated with mud.

"They are all the better," she said to herself, and hurried on tiptoe down the corridor. She went next to the anteroom of her father's chamber. It was full of fond associations, and the hot tears sprung into her eyes as she looked about it. She took up a brace of pistols, examined them awkwardly, her hands trembling under their weight as she found at once to her delight and her terror that they were loaded. Then she hurried with them to her room.

Half an hour later the butler saw a figure which he took to be that of Allen, the stable-boy, creeping down the back stairs, boots in hand.

"Whaur noo, me laddie?" he asked. "It's gey late for ye to gang oot the nicht."

"I hae forgot to bar the stable-door," replied Grizel in a low and trembling voice, imitating as well as she could the broad dialect of the boy.

"Hech!" said the butler. "I ne'er hear ye mak sae little hammer in a' yer days."

She fled on. The great kitchen was deserted. She gathered up all the keys from their pegs by the door, let herself quietly out, and sped across the yard to the stable. With trembling hands she fitted first one key and then another to the door until she found the right one. Once inside the stable, she stood irresolute. She patted Bay Bess, her own little pony.

"Thou wouldst never do, Bess," she said. "Thou art such a lazy little creature." The round, fat carriage-horses stood there. "You are just holiday horses, too," said Grizel to them, "and would be winded after an hour of the work I want you for to-night." But in the shadow of the high stall stood Black Ronald, Sir John Cochrane's great, dark battle-horse, that riderless, covered with dust and foam, had dashed down the Canongate after the terrible rout of Argyle in the bogs of Leven-side, while all the people stood and stared at the familiar steed, carrying, as he did, the first silent message of disaster. Him Grizel unfastened and led out.

"Thou art a true hero," she said, rubbing his nose with the experienced touch of a horsewoman; "and I'll give thee a chance to-night to show that thou art as loyal as ever." Her hands were cold with excitement, but she managed to buckle the saddle and bridle upon him, while the huge animal stood in restless expectancy, anxious to be gone.

She drew on the boots without any trouble, and slipped the pistols into the holsters.

"I believe thou knowest what I would have of thee," said Grizel as she led the horse out into the yard and on toward the gateway. Frightened, as he half circled about her in his impatience, she undid the fastening of the great gates, but her strength was not sufficient to swing them open.

"Ronald," she said in despair, "I cannot open the gates!" Ronald turned his head about and looked at her with his beautiful eyes. He seemed to be trying to say, "I can."

"All right," said Grizel, as if he had spoken. She mounted the black steed, laughed nervously as she climbed into the saddle. "Now," she said, "go on!" The horse made a dash at the gates, burst them open, and leaped out into the road. He curveted about for a moment, his hoofs striking fire from the cobble-stones. Then Grizel turned his head down the Canongate, away from the castle. She knew the point at which she intended to leave the city, and toward that point she headed Black Ronald. The horse seemed to know he was doing his old master a service, as he took his monstrous strides forward. Only once did Grizel look backward, and then a little shudder, half terror, half remorse, struck her, for she saw her home ablaze with light, and heard cries of excitement borne faintly to her on the rushing night wind. They had discovered her flight. Once she thought she

heard hoof-beats behind her, but she knew she could not be overtaken.

Through the streets, now narrow, now broad, now straight, now crooked, dashed Black Ronald and his mistress. Once he nearly ran down a drowsy watchman who stood nodding at a sharp corner, but horse and rider were three hundred yards away before the frightened guardian regained his composure and sprang his discordant rattle.

Now the houses grew scarcer, and presently the battlements of the town wall loomed up ahead, and Grizel's heart sank, for there were lights in the road. She heard shouts, and knew she was to be challenged. She firmly set her teeth, said a little prayer, and leaned far forward upon Black Ronald's neck. The horse gave a snort of defiance, shied violently away from a soldier who stood by the way, and then went through the gateway like a shot. Grizel clung tightly to her saddle-bow, and urged her steed on. On, on they went down the firm roadway lined on either side by rows of noble oaks—on, on, out into the countryside, where the sweet odor of the heather arose gracious and fragrant to the trembling girl. There was little chance of her taking a wrong path. The road over which the postboy came was the King's highway, always kept in a state of repair.

She gave herself no time to notice the green upland farms, or the stately residences which stood out on either hand in the moonlight. She concen-

trated her strength and mind on urging her horse forward. She was too excited to form a definite plan, and her only clear idea was to meet the post-boy before daylight, for she knew it would not be safe to trust too much to her disguise. Now and then a feeling of terror flashed over her, and she turned sick with dread; but her firm purpose upheld her.

It was almost four in the morning, and the wind was blowing chill from the sea, when she entered the rolling woodlands about the Tweed. Grizel was shivering with the cold, and was so tired that she with difficulty kept her place in the saddle.

"We cannot hold out much longer, Ronald," she said; "and if we fail, we can never hold up our heads again." Ronald, the sure-footed, stumbled and nearly fell. "It is no use," sighed Grizel; "we must rest."

She dismounted, but it was some moments before her tired limbs could obey her will. Beside the roadway was a ditch filled with running water, and Grizel managed to lead Ronald down the incline to its brink, and let him drink. She scooped up a little in her hand and moistened her tongue; then, realizing that Ronald must not be allowed to stand still, she, with great difficulty, mounted upon his back again, and, heartsick, fearful, yet not daring to turn back, coaxed him gently forward.

The moon had set long before this, and in the misty east the sky began to blanch with the first gleam of morning. Suddenly, around the curve of

the road where it leaves the banks of the Tweed, came a dark object. Grizel's heart leaped wildly. Thirty seconds later she saw that it was indeed a horseman. He broke into a song:

"The Lord o' Argyle cam' wi' plumes and wi' spears,
And Monmouth he landed wi' gay cavaliers!
The pibroch has caa'd every tartan thegither,
B'thoosans their footsteps a'pressin' the heather;
Th' North and the South sent their bravest ones out,
But a joust wi' Kirke's Lambs put them all to the rout."

By this time the horseman was so close that Grizel could distinguish objects hanging upon the horse in front of the rider. They were the mail-bags! For the first time she realized her weakness and saw how unlikely it was that she would be able to cope with an armed man. The blood rushed to her head, and a courage that was the inspiration of the moment took possession of her. She struck Black Ronald a lash with her whip.

"Go!" she said to him shrilly, while her heart-beats hammered in her ears, "Go!"

The astonished and excited horse leaped down the road. As she met the postboy, she drew Black Ronald, with a sudden strength that was born of the danger, back upon his haunches. His huge body blocked the way.

"Dismount!" she cried to the other rider. Her voice was hoarse from fright and sounded strangely in her own ears. But a wild courage

nerved her, and the hand that drew and held the pistol was as firm as a man's. Black Ronald was rearing wildly, and in grasping the reins tighter, her other hand mechanically altered its position about the pistol.

She had not meant to fire, she had only thought to aim and threaten, but suddenly there was a flash of light in the gray atmosphere, a dull reverberation, and to the girl's horrified amazement she saw the horse in front of her stagger and fall heavily to the ground. The rider, thrown from his saddle, was pinned to the earth by his horse and stunned by the fall. Dizzy with pain and confused by the rapidity of the assault, he made no effort to draw his weapon.

The mail-bags had swung by their own momentum quite clear of the horse in its fall, and now lay loosely over its back, joined by the heavy strap.

It was a painful task for the exhausted girl to dismount, but she did so, and, lifting the cumbersome leathern bags, she threw them over Black Ronald's neck. It was yet more painful to her tender heart to leave the poor fellow she had injured lying in so pitiable a condition, but her father's life was in danger, and that, to her, was of more moment than the postboy's hurts.

"Heaven forgive me," she said, bending over him. "I pray this may not be his death!" She clambered over the fallen horse and mounted Ronald, who was calm again. Then she turned his head toward Edinboro' Town and hurriedly urged him for-

ward. But as she sped away from the scene of the encounter she kept looking back, with an awe-struck face, to the fallen postboy. In the excitement of the meeting and in her one great resolve to obtain her father's death-warrant, she had lost all thought of the risks she ran or of the injuries she might inflict; and it was with unspeakable relief, therefore, that she at last saw the postboy struggle to his feet and stand gazing after her.

"Thank Heaven, he is not killed!" she exclaimed again and again, as she now joyfully pressed Ronald into a gallop. Throughout the homeward journey Grizel made it a point to urge him to greater speed when nearing a farmhouse, so that there would be less risk of discovery. Once or twice she was accosted by laborers in the field, and once by the driver of a cart, but their remarks were lost upon the wind as the faithful Ronald thundered on. She did not feel the need of sleep, for she had forgotten it in all her excitement, but she was greatly exhausted and suffering from the effects of her rough ride.

Soon the smoke in the distance showed Grizel that her native town lay an hour's journey ahead. She set her teeth and said an encouraging word to the horse. He seemed to understand, for he redoubled his energies. Now the roofs became visible, and now, grim and sullen, the turrets of the castle loomed up. Grizel felt a great lump in her throat as she thought of her father in his lonely despair.

She turned Ronald from the road again and cut through a clump of elms. She came out in a few minutes and rode more slowly toward a smaller gate than the one by which she had left the city. A stout soldier looked at her carelessly and then turned to his tankard of ale, after he had noticed the mail-bags. Grizel turned into a crooked, narrow street lined on each side with toppling, frowning buildings. She drew rein before a humble house, and slipped wearily from her saddle and knocked at the door. An old woman opened the heavy oaken door and Grizel fell into her arms.

"The bags—the mail," she gasped, and fainted. When she recovered consciousness, she found herself on a low, rough bed. The old woman was bending over her.

"Losh keep me!" said the dame. "I did na ken ye! Ma puir bairnie! Hoo cam' ye by these?" and she pointed to the clothes of Allen.

"The bags?" said Grizel, sitting bolt upright.

"Are under the hearth," said the old woman.

"And Ronald?" continued Grizel.

"Is in the byre wi' the coos," said the other with a knowing leer. "Not a soul kens it. Ne'er a body saw ye come."

Breathlessly Grizel explained all to her old nurse, and then sprung off the bed. At her request the old dame locked the door and brought her the bags. By the aid of a sharp knife the pair slashed open the leathern covering, and the inclosed packets fell upon the floor. With trembling hands Grizel

fumbled them all over, tossing one after another impatiently aside as she read the addresses. At last she came upon a large one addressed to the governor. With beating heart she hesitated a moment, and then tore the packet open with shaking fingers. She easily read the bold handwriting. Suddenly everything swam before her, and again she nearly fell into her companion's arms.

It was too true. What she read was a formal warrant of the King, signed by his majesty, and stamped and sealed with red wax. It ordered the governor to hang Sir John Cochrane of Ochiltree at the Cross in Edinburgh at ten o'clock in the morning, on the third day of the following week. She clutched the paper and hid it in her dress.

The disposition of the rest of the mail was soon decided upon. The old lady's son Jock—a wild fellow—was to put the sacks on the back of a donkey and turn it loose outside the gates, at his earliest opportunity. And then Grizel, clad in some rough garments the old lady procured, slipped out of the house, and painfully made her way toward the Canongate.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when she reached her home. The porter at the gate could scarcely be made to understand that the uncouth figure before him was his young mistress. But a moment later her mother was embracing her, with tears of joy.

All the male friends of Sir John were hastily summoned, and Grizel related her adventure, and

displayed the death-warrant of her father. The hated document was consigned to the flames, a consultation was held, and that night three of the gentlemen left for London.

The next day, the donkey, and the mail-sacks were found by a sentry, and some little excitement was occasioned; but when the postboy came in later, and related how he had been attacked by six stalwart robbers, and how he had slain two of them and was then overpowered and forced to surrender the bags, all wonderment was set at rest.

The Cochrane family passed a week of great anxiety, but when it was ended, the three friends returned from London with joyful news. The King had listened to their petition, and had ordered the removal of Sir John to the Tower of London, until his case could be reconsidered. So to London Sir John went; and after a time the payment of five thousand pounds to some of the King's advisers secured an absolute pardon. His lands, which had been confiscated, were restored to him; and on his arrival at his Scottish home, he was warmly welcomed by a great concourse of his friends. He thanked them in a speech, taking care, however, not to tell who was so greatly instrumental in making his liberation possible. But we may be sure that he was secretly proud of the pluck and devotion of his daughter Grizel.

THE HEROINE OF VERCHÈRES

FRANCIS PARKMAN

MANY incidents of [the Iroquois inroads in New France] are preserved, but none of them are so well worth the record as the defense of the fort at Verchères by the young daughter of the seignior. Many years later, the Marquis de Beauharnois, governor of Canada, caused the story to be written down from the recital of the heroine herself.

Verchères was on the south shore of the St. Lawrence about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong blockhouse stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way. On the morning of the twenty-second of October [1692] the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The seignior, formerly an officer of the regiment of Carignan, was on duty at Quebec; his wife was at Montreal; and their daughter Madeleine, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man named Laviolette.

Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after Laviolette cried out, "Run, Mademoiselle, run! here come the Iroquois!"

She turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot. "I ran for the fort, commending myself to the Holy Virgin. The Iroquois who chased after me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard, I cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that somebody would come out and help me; but it was of no use. The two soldiers in the fort were so scared that they had hidden in the blockhouse. At the gate, I found two women crying for their husbands, who had just been killed. I made them go in, and then shut the gate.

"I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people with me. I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down, and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again and helped to carry them myself. When the breaches were stopped, I went to the blockhouse where the ammunition is kept, and here I found the two soldiers—one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand.

"'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Light the powder and blow us all up.' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I, 'go out of this place.' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed.

"I then threw off my bonnet; and after putting

on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my two brothers: 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.'"

The boys, who were twelve and ten years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loopholes upon the Iroquois, who, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighboring fields. Madeleine ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault, and partly to warn some of the soldiers, who were hunting at a distance. The women and children in the fort cried and screamed without ceasing. She ordered them to stop, lest their terror should encourage the Indians.

A canoe was presently seen approaching the landing-place. It was a settler named Fontaine, trying to reach the fort with his family. The Iroquois were still near; and Madeleine feared that the newcomers would be killed, if something were not done to aid them. She appealed to the soldiers, but their courage was not equal to the attempt; on which, as she declares, after leaving Laviolette to keep watch at the gate, she herself went alone to the landing-place.

"I thought that the savages would suppose it to

be a ruse to draw them toward the fort, in order to make a sortie upon them. They did suppose so, and thus I was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all landed, I made them march before me in full sight of the enemy. We put so bold a face on it, that they thought they had more to fear than we. Strengthened by this reinforcement, I ordered that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves.

"After sunset, a violent northeast wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail, which told us that we should have a terrible night. The Iroquois were all this time lurking about us; and I judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of the darkness.

"I assembled all my troops, that is to say, six persons, and spoke to them thus: 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty and another who never fired a gun; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonté and Gachet (our two soldiers), will go to the blockhouse with the women and children, because that is the strongest place; and if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the blockhouse, if you make the least show of fight.'

"I placed my young brothers on two of the bas-

tions, the old man on the third, and I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the cries of 'All's well' were kept up from the blockhouse to the fort, and from the fort to the blockhouse. One would have thought that the place was full of soldiers. The Iroquois thought so, and were completely deceived—as they confessed afterwards to Monsieur de Callières, whom they told that they had held a council to make a plan for capturing the fort in the night, but had done nothing because such a constant watch was kept.

"About one in the morning, the sentinel on the bastion by the gate called out, 'Mademoiselle, I hear something.' I went to him to find what it was; and by the help of the snow, which covered the ground, I could see through the darkness a number of cattle, the miserable remnant that the Iroquois had left us. The others wanted to open the gate and let them in, but I answered: 'God forbid! You don't know all the tricks of the savages. They are no doubt following the cattle, covered with skins of beasts, so as to get into the fort, if we are simple enough to open the gate for them.' Nevertheless, after taking every precaution, I thought that we might open it without risk. I made my two brothers stand ready with their guns cocked in case of surprise, and so we let in the cattle.

"At last, the daylight came again; and, as the darkness disappeared, our anxieties seemed to disappear with it. Everybody took courage except

Mademoiselle Marguerite, wife of the Sieur Fontaine, who, being extremely timid, as all Parisian women are, asked her husband to carry her to another fort. . . . He said, 'I will never abandon this fort while Mademoiselle Madeleine is here.' I answered him that I would never abandon it; that I would rather die than give it up to the enemy; and that it was of the greatest importance that they should never get possession of any French fort, because if they got one they would think they could get others, and would grow more bold and presumptuous than ever.

"I may say with truth that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. I did not go once into my father's house, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the blockhouse to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were a week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last Monsieur de la Monnerie, a lieutenant sent by Monsieur de Callières, arrived in the night with forty men. As he did not know whether the fort was taken or not, he approached as silently as possible. One of our sentinels, hearing a slight sound, cried, 'Qui vive?'

"I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun lying across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion to see whether it was Indians or Frenchmen. I asked, 'Who are

you?' One of them answered, 'We are Frenchmen: it is La Monnerie, who comes to bring you help.'

"I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw Monsieur de la Monnerie, I saluted him, and said, 'Monsieur, I surrender my arms to you.' He answered gallantly, 'Mademoiselle, they are in good hands.' 'Better than you think,' I returned. He inspected the fort and found everything in order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, Monsieur,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

A band of converts from the Saut St. Louis arrived soon after, followed the trail of their heathen countrymen, overtook them on Lake Champlain, and recovered twenty or more French prisoners. Madeleine de Verchères was not the only heroine of her family. Her father's fort was the Castle Dangerous of Canada; and it was but two years before that her mother, left with three or four armed men, and beset by the Iroquois, threw herself with her followers into the blockhouse, and held the assailants two days at bay, till the Marquis de Crisasy came with troops to her relief.

MADELEINE VERCHERES

William Henry Drummond

I've told you many a tale, my child, of the old heroic days
Of Indian wars and massacre, of villages ablaze
With savage torch, from Ville Marie to the Mission of Trois Rivieres
But never have I told you yet, of Madeleine Vercheres.

Summer had come with its blossoms, and gaily the robin sang
And deep in the forest arches the axe of the woodman rang.
Again in the waving meadows, the sun-browned farmers met
And out on the green St. Lawrence, the fisherman spread his net.

And so through the pleasant season, till the days of October came
When children wrought with their parents, and even the old and lame
With tottering frames and footsteps, their feeble labors lent
At the gathering of the harvest le bon Dieu himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the forts
on the Richelieu
To the gates of the ancient city, where the flag
of King Louis flew;
All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie
of Vercheres,
Like the calm that so often cometh, ere the hurri-
cane rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the Seigneur
sailing away,
To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down at
Quebec they lay,
But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden
Madeleine,
And a necklet of jewels promised her, when home
he should come again.

And ever the days passed swiftly, and careless
the workmen grew
For the months they seemed a hundred, since the
last war-bugle blew.
Ah! little they dreamt on their pillows, the farm-
ers of Vercheres,
That the wolves of the southern forest had
scented the harvest fair.

Like ravens they quickly gather, like tigers they
watch their prey.
Poor people! with hearts so happy, they sang as
they toiled away,

Till the murderous eyeballs glistened, and the tomahawk leaped out
And the banks of the green St. Lawrence echoed the savage shout.

"Oh mother of Christ have pity," shrieked the women in despair,
"This is no time for praying," cried the young Madeleine Vercheres,
"Aux armes! aux armes! les Iroquois! quick to your arms and guns!
Fight for your God and country and the lives of the innocent ones."

And she sped like a deer of the mountain, when beagles press close behind,
And the feet that would follow after, must be swift as the prairie wind.
Alas! for the men and women, and little ones that day;
For the road it was long and weary, and the fort it was far away.

But the fawn had outstripped the hunters, and the palisades drew near,
And soon from the inner gateway the war-bugle rang out clear;
Gallant and clear it sounded, with never a note of despair,
'Twas a soldier of France's challenge, from the young Madeleine Vercheres.

"And this is my little garrison, my brothers, Louis and Paul?
With soldiers two—and a cripple? may the Virgin pray for us all.
But we've powder and guns in plenty, and we'll fight to the latest breath,
And if need be for God and country, die a brave soldier's death.

"Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever you sight the foe
Fire from the upper turret, and the loopholes down below.
Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the fight may be fierce and long,
And they'll think our little garrison is more than a hundred strong."

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused the Norman blood
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent it like a flood
Through every heart around her, and they fought the red Iroquois
As fought in the old-time battles, the soldiers of Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered, and a tempest swept the sky
And the roar of the thunder mingled with the forest tiger's cry;

But still the garrison fought on, while the lightning's jagged spear
Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and showed them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the color of blood was he,
Gazing down from the heavens on the little company.
"Behold! my friends!" cried the maiden, "'tis a warning lest we forget;
Though the night saw us do our duty, our work is not finished yet."

And six days followed each other, and feeble her limbs became
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the flash of the carabines' flame
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye, even when hope seemed gone,
And she only smiled on her comrades, and told them to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on the bugle, and lo! from the forest black
Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came pealing back.
Oh! pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on the morning air,
For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De la Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier of Carignan,
And looked on the little garrison that fought the red Iroquois
And held their own in the battle, for six long weary days,
He stood for a moment speechless, and marveled at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him and steadily they advance,
And with carabines uplifted, the veterans of France
Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly standing there,
And they fired a volley in honor of Madeleine Vercheres.

And this, my dear, is the story of the maiden Madeleine.
God grant that we in Canada may never see again
Such cruel wars and massacres, in waking or in dream,
As our fathers and mothers saw, my child, in the days of the old régime.

HEARTBREAK HILL

Celia Thaxter

In Ipswich town, not far from the sea,
Rises a hill which the people call
Heartbreak Hill, and its history
Is an old, old legend, known to all.

The selfsame dreary, worn-out tale
Told by all peoples in every clime,
Still to be told till the ages fail,
And there comes a pause in the march of Time.

It was a sailor who won the heart
Of an Indian maiden, lithe and young;
And she saw him over the sea depart,
While sweet in her ear his promise rung;

For he cried, as he kissed her wet eyes dry,
"I'll come back, sweetheart; keep your faith!"
She said, "I will watch while the moons go by;"
Her love was stronger than life or death.

So this poor dusk Ariadne kept
  Her watch from the hilltop rugged and steep;
Slowly the empty moments crept
  While she studied the changing face of the deep,

Fastening her eyes upon every speck
  That crossed the ocean within her ken;
Might not her lover be walking the deck,
  Surely and swiftly returning again?

The Isles of Shoals loomed, lonely and dim,
  In the northeast distance far and gray,
And on the horizon's uttermost rim
  The low rock heap of Boon Island lay.

And north and south and west and east
  Stretched sea and land in the blinding light,
Till evening fell, and her vigil ceased,
  And many a hearth-glow lit the night,

To mock those set and glittering eyes
  Fast growing wild as her hope went out.
Hateful seemed earth, and the hollow skies,
  Like her own heart, empty of aught but doubt.

Oh, but the weary, merciless days,
  With the sun above, with the sea afar,—
No change in her fixed and wistful gaze
  From the morning-red to the evening star!

Oh, the winds that blew, and the birds that sang,
The calms that smiled, and the storms that rolled,
The bells from the town beneath, that rang
Through the summer's heat and the winter's cold!

The flash of the plunging surges white,
The soaring gull's wild, boding cry,—
She was weary of all; there was no delight
In heaven or earth, and she longed to die.

What was it to her though the Dawn should paint
With delicate beauty skies and seas?
But the sweet, sad sunset splendors faint
Made her soul sick with memories:

Drowning in sorrowful purple a sail
In the distant east, where shadows grew,
Till the twilight shrouded it, cold and pale,
And the tide of her anguish rose anew.

Like a slender statue carved of stone
She sat, with hardly motion or breath.
She wept no tears and she made no moan,
But her love was stronger than life or death.

He never came back! Yet faithful still,
She watched from the hilltop her life away.
And the townsfolk christened it Heartbreak Hill,
And it bears the name to this very day.

WELCOME TO SKYE

A Jacobite Song

There are twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens,
Come over the Minch,
And come over the main,
Wi' the wind for their way,
And the corrie for their hame:
Let us welcome them bravely
Unto Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens;
For the night it is dark,
And the red-coat is gone,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

There is Flora, my honey,
So dear and so bonny,
And one that is tall,
And comely withal;
Put the one as my king,
And the other as my queen,
They're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.

Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens;
For the lady of Macoulain
She lieth her lane,
And you're bravely welcome
To Skye again.

Her arm it is strong,
And her petticoat is long,
My one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens;
But their bed shall be clean,
On the heather mast crain;
And they're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
You one bonny maiden,
And twa bonny maidens.
By the sea-moullit's nest
I will watch o'er the main;
And you're dearly welcome
To Skye again.

There's a wind on the tree,
And a ship on the sea,
My twa bonny maidens,
My three bonny maidens:

On the lea of the rock
Your cradle I shall rock;
And you're welcome unto
The Isle of Skye again.
Come along, come along,
Wi' your boatie and your song,
My twa bonny maidens,
And three bonny maidens:
More sound shall you sleep,
When you rock on the deep;
And you'll aye be welcome
To Skye again.

FLORA MACDONALD, THE HEROINE OF THE "FORTY-FIVE"

FRANK MUNDELL

CHARLES EDWARD STUART, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie" of song and story, known in history as the "Young Pretender," endeavored in 1745 to win back the throne which his forefathers had lost. Though victorious at Prestonpans and at Falkirk, Charles was driven northwards by the royal troops, and falling back on Inverness he made his last stand at Culloden, where the hopes of the Stuarts were forever shattered. After his defeat, the Prince was hurried from the field of battle by several of his officers, and spent the night in an empty house without covering or food.

On the following day, with three companions, and carefully disguised, Charles entered Lochiel's country, and proceeded on foot over mountain and moor on his way to the Western Isles, where he hoped to be able to get on board a vessel for France.

By this time a reward of thirty thousand pounds had been set on the Prince's head, and therefore it was of the utmost importance to conceal his identity from every one whose loyalty was suspected. He could hardly hope to escape, for warships were

cruising along the coast, militia were scouring the hills, and Government spies were spread in all directions. The fidelity of his followers was tested to the utmost, but, though the reward offered would have been to any of them an immense fortune, there was not one found base enough to betray the fugitive.

At length the islands of the west coast were reached, and in a wild spot in South Uist the Prince lay concealed for a month. Scouts, at the risk of their lives, surrounded the place of his retreat, and were ready at a moment's notice to guide him by secret paths to a new hiding-place on the first appearance of danger.

At length the Prince was so hemmed in, both by land and sea, that it was necessary to make a bold attempt to get him out of the country, and, as a last resource, a young lady named Flora Macdonald was applied to for her assistance. She was the stepdaughter of Hugh Macdonald, an officer in the King's army, but secretly a friend of the Stuarts. Miss Macdonald was at that time twenty-four years of age, of middle stature, a pretty, agreeable young woman, of great sprightliness, modesty, and good-sense.

The first interview between the Prince and Flora took place on the island of Benbecula, where it was arranged that Charles should dress as a woman, and be passed off as Betty Burke, maid to Miss Macdonald. Before they started, Flora was made prisoner by the militia because she had no passport.

It so happened, however, that the commanding officer was her stepfather, who furnished her with a passport for herself, her man, named Neil Makechan, and her maid Betty Burke.

On the 28th of June, about eight o'clock in the evening, they embarked in a small boat, but on approaching the island of Skye they found the place where they intended to land in possession of the militia. Shots were fired on the boat and an alarm was given, but the little party got safe into a creek, where they rested for a time. Then they succeeded in landing on another point of the island. Here the Prince was left in the boat while Flora called on Lady Macdonald, who, in an agony of terror, insisted on their immediate departure, as there were soldiers in the neighborhood.

Fortunately, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Lady Macdonald's factor, offered to assist in conveying the Prince to Portree, and for this purpose accompanied Miss Macdonald to the shore. A servant who was with him said to Miss Macdonald that she had never seen such an impudent-looking woman as Betty Burke, who she thought must be a man in woman's clothes. "See," she said, "what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats."

It was near midnight when the little party arrived at Macdonald of Kingsburgh's house, and, not expecting her husband at so late an hour, Mrs. Macdonald had retired for the night. Unwilling to rise, the lady sent her compliments to Flora

Macdonald, whom she knew; and desired her to make free with anything in the house; as for herself she was too sleepy and tired to see her that night. Directly afterwards her little daughter ran into the room, crying out, "Mamma! mamma! my father has brought hither a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw."

Kingsburgh himself then entered the room, and desired his wife to rise at once and prepare the best supper she could. In reply to her question about his guests, he told her that she should know in good time who they were. Mrs. Macdonald at once complied with her husband's request, but when she saw her visitor she "was so frightened," as she said, "at seeing sic a muckle trollop of a carlin make sic lang strides through the hall, that she did not like her appearance."

When the strange figure bent down and kissed her, she saw it was a man, and in a whisper asked her husband if their visitor was one of the unfortunate gentlemen escaped from Culloden. On hearing that such was the case, she wished to know if he could tell them anything about the Prince.

"My dear, it is the Prince," said her husband.

"The Prince!" cried she; "then we are all ruined, we shall all be hanged."

"Hout," cried he, "we shall die but once; and if we are hanged for this, we die in a good cause, doing only an act of humanity and charity. But go, make haste with supper. Bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else is ready."

"Eggs, butter, cheese!" was the reply. "What a supper is that for a Prince?"

"Oh, wife," said her husband, "you little know how this good Prince has lived of late. This will be a feast to him. Besides, to make a formal supper would cause the servants to suspect something. The less ceremony, therefore, the better."

At supper the Prince placed Miss Flora Macdonald at his right hand, always paying her the greatest respect wherever she was, and Mrs. Macdonald at his left. The plentiful meal, so different from his late hard fare, and the cheerful surroundings, caused the Prince, for a brief period, to forget his miserable condition and the dangers by which he was surrounded.

In the meantime the boatmen who had brought the party to the island had gone back to South Uist, where they were at once seized by the militia, and, being threatened with torture or death, revealed all they knew. They gave a description of the gown, with purple sprigs thickly stamped, and the white apron worn by the disguised Prince. It was therefore very fortunate that on the following day the Prince changed his clothes for a man's dress.

Not having slept in a bed for some time before, the Prince could scarcely be awakened in the morning; but, as everything was ready to continue the journey, Kingsburgh was obliged to call him up. When he was dressed, the ladies went into his room, and Mrs. Macdonald asked for a lock of his hair. He at once complied with her request, and the lock

so given was divided between the ladies. Kingsburgh gave the Prince a new pair of shoes, and religiously kept the worn ones. They were afterwards cut into small pieces and distributed among Jacobite friends. The sheets of the bed in which the Prince had slept were preserved by the two ladies, and at death they served them as shrouds—"pathetic memoirs of a devotion that was sweeter than life and stronger than death."

After breakfast Kingsburgh went with his guest for a short distance on the way, and when they parted the Prince embraced his host, and bade him a long and happy adieu. Thanking him for his services in a most affectionate manner, the Prince assured Kingsburgh that he would never forget them.

A guide led Charles by secret paths to Portree, while Miss Macdonald went on horseback another road; thereby the better to gain intelligence and to prevent discovery. Another person had also been sent forward to have a boat in readiness. Half a mile from the shore the Prince met Flora and bade her farewell. Taking her hand in his "he gazed down for a minute on the fair young face, and the eyes dimmed with tears but bright with the expression of profound fidelity of her race, then he reverently bared his head, and, bending down, kissed her twice on the forehead. 'For all that has happened,' he said, 'I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James' yet.'" Then they parted, never to meet again.

THE LAMENT OF FLORA MACDONALD

James Hogg

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
The bonny young Flora sat sighing her lane,
The dew on her plaid and the tear in her e'e.
She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung
Away on the wave, like a bird of the main;
And aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
"Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!
Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and young!
Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again!

"The moorcock that craws on the brow of Ben-Connal,
He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame;
The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs o' Clan-Ronald,
Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim;
The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore;
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea:
But, ah! there is one whose hard fate I deplore;
Nor house, ha', nor hame, in his country has he.
The conflict is past, and our name is no more:
There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.

"The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave:
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnets of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

CAPTAIN MOLLY AT MONMOUTH

William Collins

On the bloody field of Monmouth
Flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne;
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
Thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger,
Hessian horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting,
Stood an Irish cannoneer.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene and Lee's Brigades could tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets,
That lone battery to assail.
From the foeman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusillade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
In the ranks of Greene's Brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood, and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
Stood and manned her long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow
Dead—beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades! It is folly
Thus to strive against the foe."
"No! not so," cried Irish Molly;
"We can strike another blow!"

Quickly leaped she to the cannon,
In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
Fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley,
Roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly,
"For the flag of Washington!"

Greene's Brigade, though shorn and shattered,
Slain and bleeding half their men,
When they heard that Irish slogan,
Turned and charged the foe again.

Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
To the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!"
'Twas the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irish woman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns
Leap the troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets
Clinton's red battalions flee.
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
And behind them, onward dashing,
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, these boasting Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings
To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner;
Monmouth's glorious field is won;
And in triumph Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

AGOSTINA OF ZARAGOZA

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

ONE of the most unjustifiable acts of Napoleon's grasping policy was the manner in which he entrapped the poor, foolish, weak Spanish royal family into his power, and then kept them in captivity, and gave their kingdom to his brother Joseph. The whole Spanish people were roused to resistance by this atrocious transfer, and the whole of the peasantry rose, as one man, to repel this shameful aggression. A long course of bad government had done much to destroy the vigor of the nation, and as soldiers in the open field they were utterly worthless; but still there were high qualities of patience and perseverance among them, and these were never more fully shown than in their defense of Zaragoza, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Aragon.

This city stands in an open plain, covered with olive grounds, and closed in by high mountains. About a mile to the southwest of the city was some high ground called the Torrero, upon which stood a convent, and close beside the city flowed the Ebro, crossed by two bridges, one of which was made of wood, and said to be the most beautiful specimen of the kind of fabric in Europe. The water is of a

dirty red, but grows clear when it has stood long enough and is then excellent to drink.

There were no regular fortifications, only a brick wall, ten or twelve feet high, and three feet thick, and often encroached upon by houses. Part of it was, however, of old Roman workmanship, having been built under Augustus, by whom the town was called Cæsarea Augusta, a name since corrupted into Zaragoza. Four of the twelve gates were in this old wall, which was so well built as to put to shame all the modern buildings and their bad bricks. These were the material of even the churches and convents, all alike with the houses, and so bad was the construction that there were cracks in most of the buildings from top to bottom. The houses were generally three stories high, the streets very narrow and crooked, except one wide and long one, called sometimes the Calle Santa, sometimes the Cozo.

Zaragoza was highly esteemed as the first seat of Christianity in Spain; indeed, legend declared that St. James the Great had preached there, and had beheld a vision of the blessed Virgin, standing upon a marble pillar, and bidding him there build a church in honor of her. The pillar was the great object of veneration in Aragon, and there was a double cathedral, with service performed alternately in the two parts. So much venerated was our Lady of the Pillar, that Pilar became a girl's name in the surrounding country, and this was the center of pilgrimages to the Aragonese, as St.

James's shrine at Compostella was to the Castilians.

As is well said by Southey, in the fiery trial of the Zaragozans, "the dross and tinsel of their faith disappeared, and its pure gold remained." The inhabitants appeared, like most Spaniards since the blight of Philip II's policy had fallen on them, dull, apathetic beings, too proud and indolent for exertion—the men smoking cigaritos at their doors, the women only coming out with black silk mantillas over their heads to go to church. The French, on first seizing it, with the rest of Spain, thought it the dullest place they had ever yet entered, and greatly despised the inhabitants.

General Lefebvre Desnouettes was sent to quiet the insurrection against the French in Aragon; and on the 13th and 14th of June, 1808, he easily routed the bodies of Spaniards who tried to oppose him. The flying Spanish troops were pursued into Zaragoza by the French cavalry, but here the inhabitants were able from their houses to drive back the enemy. Don José Palafox, a Spanish nobleman, who had been equerry to the King, took the command of the garrison, who were only two hundred and twenty soldiers, and endeavored to arm the inhabitants, about sixty thousand in number, and all full of the most determined spirit of resistance to the invaders. He had only sixteen cannon and a few muskets, but fowling-pieces were collected, and pikes were forged by all the smiths in the town.

The siege began on the 27th of June. The French army was in considerable force, and had a great supply of mortars and battering cannon; such as could by their shells and shot rend the poor brick city from end to end. The Torrero quickly fell into their hands, and from that height there was a constant discharge of those terrible shells and grenades that burst in pieces where they fall, and carry destruction everywhere. Not one building within the city could withstand them, and they were fired, not at the walls, but into the town. All that could be done was to place beams slanting against the houses, so that there might be a shelter under them from the shells. The awnings that sheltered the windows from the summer sun were taken down, sewn up into sacks, and filled with earth, then piled up before the gates, with a deep trench dug before them; the houses on the walls were pulled down, and every effort made to strengthen the defenses—the whole of the lately quiet, lazy population toiling earnestly together, in the midst of the deadly shower that was always falling from the Torrero and striking down numbers as they worked.

The same spirit animated every one. The Countess Burita, a beautiful young lady, formed the women into an organized company for carrying wine, water, and food to the soldiers on guard, and relieving the wounded, and throughout the whole siege her courage and perseverance never failed; she was continually seen in the places most exposed

to the enemy's fire, bringing help and refreshment wherever she appeared among the hard-pressed warriors. The nuns became nurses to the sick and wounded, and made cartridges, which were carried to the defenders by the children of the place. The monks attended the sick and dying, or else bore arms, feeling that this—the cause of their country, their king and their faith—had become to them a holy war.

Thus men, women and children alike seemed full of the same loyal spirit; but some traitor must have been among them, for on the night of the twenty-eighth, the powder magazine in the center of the town was blown up, destroying fourteen houses and killing two hundred people. At the same time, evidently prepared to profit by the confusion thus caused, the French appeared before three of the gates, and a dreadful fire began from the Torrero, shells bursting everywhere among the citizens, who were striving in the dark to dig their friends out of the ruined houses.

The worst of the attack was at the gate called Portillo and lasted the whole day. The sand-bag defense was frequently destroyed by the fire, and as often renewed under this dreadful shot by the undaunted Spaniards. So dreadful was the carnage, that at one moment every man of the defenders lay dead. At that moment one of the women who were carrying refreshments came up. Her name was Agostina Zaragoza; she was a fine-looking woman of two-and-twenty, and was full of a

determined spirit. She saw the citizens hesitate to step forward to man the defenses where certain death awaited them. Springing forward, she caught the match from the hand of a dead gunner, fired his twenty-six pounder, and seating herself on it, declared it her charge for the rest of the siege. And she kept her word. She was the heroine of the siege where all were heroines.

She is generally called the Maid of Zaragoza, but she seems to have been the widow of one of the artillerymen, who was here killed, and that she continued to serve his gun, not solely as a patriot, but because she thus obtained a right to provisions for her little children, who otherwise might have starved in the famine that began to prevail. If this lessens the romance, it seems to us to add to the beauty and womanliness of Agostina's character, that for the sake of her children she should have run into the hottest of the peril, and taken up the task in which her husband had died.

Her readiness in that critical moment saved the Portillo for that time, but the attacks were renewed again and again with equal fury and fearful bloodshed. The French general had fancied that he could easily take such an unfortified place, and finding it so difficult, had lost his temper, and was thus throwing away his men's lives; but after several such failures, he began to invest the city regularly. Gunpowder was failing the besieged until they supplied its place by wonderful ingenuity. All the sulphur in the place was collected, nitre

was obtained by washing it out of the soil of the streets, and charcoal by charring the stalks of the very large variety of hemp that grows in that part of Spain. At the end of forty-six days the city was entirely surrounded, provisions were falling short, and there was not a single place safe from the shot and shell. On the 2d of August, a hospital caught fire, and the courage of the women was again shown by their exertions in carrying out the sick and wounded from the flames in spite of the continued shot from the enemy's batteries; indeed, throughout the siege the number of women and boys who were killed was quite as great in proportion as that of men; the only difficulty was to keep them from running needlessly into danger.

On the 4th of August, the French opened a battery within pistol-shot of the gate called after the great convent of St. Engracia. The mud walls were leveled at the first discharge and after a deadly struggle the besiegers forced their way into the convent, and before the end of the day had gained all that side of the city, up to the main central street, the Cozo. General Lefebvre thought all was now over with his enemies, and summoned Palafox to surrender, in a note containing only these words: "Headquarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation."

The answer he received was equally brief: "Headquarters, Zaragoza. War to the knife."

There they were! A street about as wide as Pall-Mall was all that lay between besiegers and besieged, to whom every frail brick house had become

a fortress, while the openings of the narrow cross streets were piled up with sand-bags to form batteries. Soon the space was heaped with dead bodies, either killed on the spot or thrown from the windows, and this was enough to breed a pestilence among the survivors. The French let them lie, knowing that such a disease would be the surest destruction to the garrison, and they fired on the Spaniards whenever they ventured out to bury them. Upon this Palafox devised tying ropes to his French prisoners, and driving them out to bring in the corpses for burial. The enemy would not fire on their own countrymen and thus this danger was lessened, although not entirely removed, and sickness as well as famine was added to the misery of the brave Aragonese.

The manufacture of powder, too, could no longer be carried on, but happily Don Francisco, the brother of Palafox, was able to make his way into the city with three thousand men and a convoy of arms and ammunition.

Padre Santiago Sass, the curate of one of the parishes of Zaragoza showed himself one of the bravest of all the brave, fighting at every hazardous point, and at other times moving about among the sick and dying to give them the last rites of the church. No one's heart failed in that eleven days of one continual battle from house to house, from room to room, when the nights were times of more dreadful conflict than the days. Often, under cover of the darkness, a party would rush across to seize

a battery; and once a Spaniard made his way under cover of the corpses, which filled the whole space between the combatants, and fastened a rope to one of the French guns. It had almost been dragged across the street and was only lost by the breaking of the rope.

On the 8th of August the Spaniards agreed that if they could not hold their ground in the city, they must retire across the Ebro, break down the bridge, and defend the suburbs as they had defended the streets. Only an eighth part of their city now remained to them; and on the night of the thirteenth the enemy's fire was more destructive and constant than ever. The great convent of St. Engracia was blown up, the whole of the French part of the city glared with flaming houses, the climax of the horrors of the siege seemed to be come! But the reports of the batteries gradually ceased, and with the early morning light the garrison beheld the road to Pamplona filled with French troops in full retreat.

In effect, intelligence had been received of reverses to the invaders, and of extended movements among the Spaniards, which had led the French to decide on quitting Zaragoza ere these desperate defenders should be reinforced by the army which was collecting to relieve them.

Their fortitude had won the day. The carnage had ended, and it remained for them to clear their streets from the remains of the deadly strife, and to give thanks for their deliverance. Agostina, in

testimony of her courage, was to receive for life the pay of an artilleryman, and to wear a little shield of honor embroidered on her sleeve.

So ended the wonderful siege of Zaragoza. It is sad to know that when the French forces came in full numbers into Spain, the brave town shared the fate of the rest of the country. But the resistance had not been in vain; it had raised a feeling for the gallant Spaniards throughout Europe, and inspired a trust in their constancy which contributed to bring them that aid from England by which their country was, after six years, finally freed from the French usurpation.

THE MAID OF SARAGOZA

LORD BYRON

AND must they fall? the young, the proud, the brave,
To swell one bloated Chief's unwholesome reign?
No step between submission and a grave?
The rise of rapine and the fall of Spain?
And doth the Power that man adores ordain
Their doom, nor heed the suppliant's appeal?
Is all that desperate Valour acts in vain?
And Counsel sage, and patriotic Zeal,
The Veteran's skill, Youth's fire, and Manhood's heart of steel?

Is it for this the Spanish maid, aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsex'd, the anlace hath espoused,
Sung the loud song, and dared the deed of war?
And she, whom once the semblance of a scar
Appall'd, an owlet's larum chill'd with dread,
Now views the column-scattering bay'net jar,
The falchion flash, and o'er the yet warm dead
Stalks with Minerva's step where Mars might quake to tread.

THE MAID OF ZARAGOZA.
From Painting by Sir David Wilkie.

Ye who shall marvel when you hear her tale,
Oh! had you known her in her softer hour,
Marked her black eye that mocks her coal-black veil,
Heard her light, lively tones in Lady's bower,
Seen her long locks that foil the painter's power,
Her fairy form, with more than female grace,
Scarce would you dream that Saragoza's tower
Beheld her smile in Danger's Gorgon face,
Thin the closed ranks, and lead in Glory's fearful chase.

Her lover sinks—she sheds no ill-timed tear;
Her chief is slain—she fills his fatal post;
Her fellows flee—she checks their base career;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host.
Who can appease like her a lover's ghost?
Who can avenge so well a leader's fall?
What maid retrieve when man's flush'd hope is lost?
Who hang so fiercely on the flying Gaul,
Foil'd by a woman's hand, before a batter'd wall?

THE PRIVATEER OF HALL'S HARBOR

GRACE DEAN MCLEOD

ON the southern coast of the Bay of Fundy, about ten miles down the shore from the lofty promontory of Cape Split, there is a sudden slope of the mural cliffs of trap. In this declivity is a narrow vault-like opening extending, with but slight interruption, from the shore of the bay, through the mountain range, to the fertile valley at the south. Midway up this vault a brook, fed by perennial springs, flows down a rocky channel to the waters of the bay. As it nears the seaward end of the gorge its bed becomes more nearly level and the water widens into a creek up which the tide flows, making at high water a safe shelter for small craft.

In the early morning of May 30, 1813, there was anchored at the entrance of this creek a small vessel, and on an escarpment of the cliff that banked the brook on the west side stood seven men. They were not fishermen, nor was the vessel a fishing craft.

The lonely boundless beauty of the blue bay, the purple mystery of the opposite heights, the rugged peaks of Chignecto and D'Or lifting their crests above the gleaming wave, and flashing ruddy tints along their sun-bathed slopes, was no new or won-

derful sight to these men who were the captain and crew of the trim cutter-like craft. Three times in the previous year had they moored the cutter outside the little creek. Three times had they slept on the escarpment of the cliff, and each time had they threaded that rocky vault through the wooded mountain and reached the fertile valley beyond.

They were in no haste this spring morning. The longest trail to the valley could be covered in four hours, and they had no wish to reach it until nightfall.

Six of these men were middle-aged, strong and burly of build. The other was a youth of about eighteen, slight, and tall, and dark of face. Without bidding, this lad started a fire among some smoke-stained stones in a sheltered slope of the cliff. When he had done this, he spoke for a moment with the captain, and then descended the rocky slope to the creek where a boat was hauled up on the shore. This boat he launched, and rowed down the brook and out to the cutter, boarded her, and returned with a pail and some empty bags. The pail he filled with fresh water from the foaming mountain stream, then, going to where the men were, threw the bags on the ground.

"They light easy," said one of the men.

"And they carry easier than they'll carry this time to-morrow," said the youth with a laugh.

"Get the water heated, and be off on your hunt before the sun gets higher," interrupted the captain.

"Aye, I'll be off in time," said the lad, lacing to his ankles a pair of stout buskins he had brought from the vessel.

"No fear but he'll be willing to be off," said another of the men. "His heart will outrun them buskined legs, I'll be bound. The table-land holds a prize he is anxious to capture."

The youth's brown face flushed red, but he made no reply.

"Aye, he'll find the land all right," said the captain. "Six months make little change in a piece of ground; but girls and table-lands are not alike that way, lad, so don't set your heart too strong on seeing her as you left her last."

The lad was busy about the food and took little notice of the jesting. In half an hour the breakfast was over, and he started away.

"It's the straightest road we want, youngster," called the captain, as the boy rounded the bend of the vault; "the straightest road and the fullest barns and shops. Don't venture farther down than the table-land, and remember to promise the redskins half the booty—a half promised is a quarter given, and that *Mary Jane* of ours can sail away from a hundred promises if her cabin be full of booty."

It was a few hours past mid-day when the youth returned. He found the men anxiously waiting his arrival.

"The way is clear," he said; "we are favored

as we always have been. The houses are left unprotected to-night, most of the men are at the river mending the dykes, and they are going to camp on the spot. The Indians are as easy to buy as tobacco. There are only three camps where there were a dozen last year, and but three grown men and some boys about them."

"Go on," said the men; "tell us about the maiden. Are her eyes as yellow and her teeth as white as last year, or was she smiling on a brave of her own tribe?"

"She was not there," replied the youth. "She was off to the valley, they said."

"Did you leave your trinket?" asked one of the men.

The lad looked angrily at him. "What trinket do you mean?" he asked.

"Tush, lad!" said the captain, "a jest is but a jest; and we have been young ourselves not so many years ago. We saw you buy the trinket last week; and you sleep so sound you did not know it slipped from your waistcoat. I dare say the sight of it brought the Indians round so easy; last trip they were hard enough to coax. But never mind the girl now, we have our hours counted and need to be alert. How many did you say there were in the camps, lad?"

"Three, and the boys; they will go with you and lead you to the richest plunder—they say there are fifty hams in the Squire's smoke-house."

The youth was to be left behind to guard the

vessel and the boat. He preferred being left, though he did not say so. It was not more than a year since he had joined the crew of the *Mary Jane*. He did his part bravely and heartily when required, but at each trip to the creek he had been left to guard the vessel. The rest of the men wondered a little that he should be kept from all four raids. The captain had his reasons for this treatment; there were people in the valley the lad did not care to meet, even in the night. Captain Hall knew this —and knew, too, more of the fertile valley than the Indians who, under pretext of guides, had been secured as allies; but he did not speak of it.

"Keep more than half you know to yourself," he said, when he engaged the youth, "and don't let what's left of the other half slip out of your reach. These are times of war, and words are sometimes more dangerous than swords."

There was a weightier reason for staying this time than there had ever been before. In the cabin of the cutter was a strong box. Their last sea-prize had been a rich one, and in the strong box were two thousand dollars.

Just before they started up the vault the captain rowed across to the cutter and brought back with him the treasure.

"Here, lad," he said, "*Mary Jane* thinks it's too much risk for her, considering the sudden squalls that haunt this bay. Put it in some kind of a hole in the ledge till we are back, and once we're safe in port again there'll be some dividing as will make

your eyes bulge—think of that for company while we're off!"

The youth had not been gone two hours from the encampment on the table-land, when the Indian girl returned. This table-land was a shelf-like projection that made out from the mountain on the valley side, closed from sight toward the valley, but open toward the mountain. For years there had been a considerable encampment of Indians at the place; the little brook at the foot of the mountain furnished them fish, the stretches of beech woods game and nuts. But late years both game and fish were failing, and most of their number had moved farther up the valley. The others were going soon, but for one reason and another the moving had been delayed.

The Indian girl was glad of the delay. On each occasion of the other raids of the robbers, the youth had visited the table-land, and each time he had smiled on and talked with the girl. The last trip he had given her a bright coin and told her to wait until spring and he would bring her a chain to hang it on. In her wild, untaught way she remembered and kept faith in the promise.

When she returned this day from her valley tramp, she was met with the news of the white man's coming; and less welcome news than that she unwillingly heard. Her people had turned traitor to the robbers. On each of the other expeditions they had guided and assisted them, and for each

service had received a reward. But the white settlers of the valley offered larger rewards. Thrice had their houses and stores been broken into, and not a night but they lived in terror of another raid. By some means they discovered that the Indians at the encampment had been allies and guides, and not daring to threaten, they coaxed and bribed the redskins to acquaint them of the approach of the robbers should they again visit the valley. Promises of corn and flour in abundance prevailed. Meantime a company had been formed and armed to fight, and preparations made so that with an hour's notice the men could be gathered and ready for duty.

The girl had not been acquainted with the turn of affairs, and knew nothing of it until her return from the valley this spring day. They gave her the trinket the youth had left—a shell necklet of East India make. When she had clasped it about her dusky throat and hung upon it the glittering coin, they told her of their plans and of the promise they had made the settlers, and that she must retrace her steps to the nearest house to warn them. They must be warned in time, for they had planned not to attack the robbers in the valley, but to allow them to secure their plunder unmolested and return with it to the shore. Meanwhile the armed men were to march up the mountain and follow the trail to the cove, where they would lie in ambush and wait their return. They would be weary, and careless of attack, and easily captured, and the

settlers could then search the vessel and take from it whatever booty might be of most value to them.

All this the Indians made known to the girl and ordered her on her errand.

Quietly, but sullenly, she started away from the camps, her heart beating a protest to the treachery. The robbers were coarse hard men, she cared nothing for them; but the red-cheeked youth would be in their number and killed with the others.

From two places on her journey she could be seen from the camps, and she well knew her unwillingness to go had been noticed, and that keen eyes would be strained for a sight of her in these cleared spots. More than that, they had timed her, and set her return to an hour after sundown. Powerless to evade the errand the dark-skinned messenger pursued with unwilling feet the well-worn trail to the white men's habitations.

At the first cleared spot she looked back; she saw no one of her people, but knew she was seen by them. On she went again, down now on the edge of the fertile valley, across the little brook in the meadow, and out again to the second clearing. On from that, and but half a mile to the house of the Squire.

Once there her errand was soon told, and a messenger started away for the dykes. A new thought entered the heart of the agile girl. If she reached the camp before the robbers came, she might in some way let them know of the treachery of her people. The thought was like wings to her feet, and

she took the trail back with double the speed of her coming, and long before she was expected, reached the table-land. The robbers had not yet arrived.

An hour or more after sundown they came. The Indians welcomed them as they had always done; and for a while they rested and talked of the probabilities of the booty and the share that would fall to their allies. No suspicion of the treachery was in the taciturn faces of the Indians, and no thought of it entered the minds of the robbers. Three times had their raids been successful, and again fortune and night seemed in their favor. The men were away from the houses, the night would be dark until twelve, and after that the moon would rise and light their return journey to the shore.

The girl supposed the lad would be with the men and that she could speak with him; but as she listened to their talk she heard them tell that he had been left behind to guard the vessel. She had been with the settlers much of her time and understood English readily, so could follow the men as they told of the way they took; now down in the vault, now up on the mountainside, down again by the brink of the brook, and straight from that to the slope of the cliff where the youth kept watch. She knew that by early dawn there would meet him men, armed, and ready to torture and slay. She slipped away from the opening where she had been listening, and back into her camp, and with one hand clasping the necklet lay down with the chil-

dren who were already asleep. Her quick brain had formed a purpose.

When the waning moon shone above the beech grove to the east, the girl arose and crept from the camp. The robbers and their treacherous allies had long been gone. The squaws and children were sleeping. There were no lights in the valley below. The robbers must be through their plundering and soon would be starting on the return tramp.

By another trail the armed men must now be creeping up and over the mountainside. There was a trail on the east and one on the west side the gulch; which way they had taken the girl did not know; but she knew they must be an hour ahead of her, and if she was to reach the cove before them her feet must make no tarrying. Already she was weary from her long tramp to the settlement, but lithe of limb and persistent of purpose she started forth, entered the beech woods, crossed the head of the gorge, and took the western trail.

Ahead of her, ascending the brow of the mountain, was the company of armed men. The way was new to them, they were slow in making it, they lost time. It was new to the girl; but she was not slow and she lost no time. The moon was unclouded; native instinct guided her moccasined feet over the rough ground, and with her heart full of the purpose to save the life of the white lad who kept watch on the cliff by the shore of the Great Water, she pressed forward.

On went the armed men. Fast behind came the fleet feet of the maiden. Behind her the rough robbers laden with plunder, and behind them the treacherous Indians, intent on getting a double share of booty. All journeying to the same point, each inspired with a different purpose.

On through the forest in the quiet night went this strange procession—the armed men ahead and descending the vault, gaining rapidly upon them the brave girl, and following fast on her steps the robbers.

On hastened the armed men. They did not know their blunder; the youth, the Indian maiden and the robbers were on the west side the gorge; they had taken the east. And as it neared the shore the vault became deeper and the mountain stream grew wide and washed high against its steep rocky banks.

When morning began to dawn, a low belt of fog skirted the bay. The lofty promontories assumed fantastic shapes. The islands presented a delusive appearance. The white mist parted them, banked them, tipped them, blent their jagged peaks with the sky. Slowly, the grayness thickened into a dull fog; the opposite shore, the bold headlands, the islands and finally the blue waters of the vast bay were lost to view.

At the first gleam of daylight the young man had rowed down the creek and boarded the vessel. A light breeze was springing up from the east; it was

the breeze they needed to take them down the bay. Knowing this, and that the captain would sail as soon as he could get his plunder on board, the lad loosened the sails, and as far as could be done made ready to weigh anchor.

The ever-lurking bay fog was fast gathering over the shore and by the time he had reached his outlook on the cliff, it had penetrated the woods and wrapped its gray drapery about the tall green pines, and lay like a great bank over the creek and against the steep sides of the rocky gorge.

Not a rod could his sight pierce its damp density. Walled in on every side he waited the return of the robbers. Soon the sound of voices at a distance fell upon his quick ear and he sent a shrill whistle into the dull mist. It was not answered. The voices sounded nearer and seemed to come from the east side of the gorge. He was puzzled—the robbers never went or came by that trail; but again he gave the signal whistle and listened for reply.

Directly there came through the mediumistic mist the sharp click-click of the cocking of guns. At the same instant, out of the gray obscurity above him, rushed the Indian maiden, with her long black hair tangled about her round neck and brown oval face. Panting for breath, and nearly exhausted, she did not speak, but pointed across the creek whence the sounds had come, and down to the boat on the little beach.

Vaguely the lad interpreted her wild gestures, and seizing the mute girl in his strong arms de-

scended the cliff, and placing her in the boat, shoved off from the shore. The report of a musket came from the direction of the voices and the bullet struck the water near them.

Believing now that the girl was for some reason being hunted, and fearing to locate the boat by any noise, he allowed it to drift with the outgoing tide. The fog was their only protection; each understood this, and neither ventured a word till the rushing waves had borne them out of range of the guns. Then the girl brokenly told the lad who the men were on the east bank and why they were there.

Quickly he comprehended the situation, and with the impetuosity of boyhood seized the oars and rowed rapidly toward a rocky point at the entrance to the creek. It was in that bank he had laid the strong box and he must secure it at any peril. The noise of the rowing located the boat, and shot after shot from the bank of fog rang out upon the stillness of the mist-laden air, and bullets skipped on the water around them. But these were sounds and sights not unfamiliar to the youth, and in a few minutes the boat touched the shore.

At the same instant the robbers burst out of the fog-shrouded forest and hastened toward the boat. Hearing the firing, they had run the last two miles of the trail.

"Valley men—Indian traitors," said the lad, and a volley of musketry from the invisible shooters echoed his words.

"Never mind the box," cried the captain, as he

returned the fire. "We will come back for it if we live, and if we don't the devil will guard it forever." Then placing his gun in the boat and ordering the men aboard, he took the terrified girl in his arms and carried her to a safe place behind a great rock, pulled from his pocket a well-filled leather purse, gave it to her and bade her stay there till the fog cleared away.

Hardly had he reached the boat and the boat gone thrice her length from the shore, when the girl rushed toward the water with a wild scream. A look in her direction discovered the treacherous Indians, cautiously descending the gorge.

"They will kill me," she cried piteously. Maddened at sight of his faithless allies the captain ordered the boat back to the point. He was too late; again the roar of musketry echoed among the hills, and as they touched the shore, the Indian maiden's life-blood soaked into the salt sand, and the lad who had sprung forward to rescue her sank with a cry upon the boat's bottom, dead.

Taking quick aim the captain fired, and laid low the foremost of the skulking savages, then seizing the tiller ordered the boat to the cutter.

From the cliff, into the immensity of the fog went volley after volley. From over the water came only the muffled sound of oars in the row-locks, the rattling of chains, and the dull flapping sound of sails.

The breeze freshened. The dun-dripping vapor lifted—from the tree-tops—from the cliff—from the blue swishing water of the great bay. And

bearing toward the ruddy headland of D'Or gleamed the white sails of the bold privateer, filled with the wind that blows always good to some one.

Many who tell the story claim that the vessel went down in a gale that very night, and all her crew were lost. Others say she was wrecked, but some of the men were saved, and that these men came back to search for the strong box. The first settlers at the Harbor found holes dug in the banks of the brook. The holes have since been thrice multiplied—with what success is not positively known—but it is a general belief that the treasure has never yet been found. They who have searched for it tell that the *Mary Jane* haunts the creek; that when they begin to dig a white sail gleams off the rocky point, the sound of oars is heard, and six bearded men and a smooth-faced youth come up from the water and surround the place where they are digging. None have dared to pursue the search after sight of that phantom crew.

The Indian girl was buried beneath a great pine-tree that still stands near the table-land, its evergreen foliage bright as in the days so long ago.

It is years since. But the creek still cuts into the mural cliff, the gorge still rends the wooded mountain, the purple mystery still hangs over the rugged heights.

In "34" settlers built under the shadow of the

lofty cliff, and a road winds now down either headland bank. The place is known as Hall's Harbor, called after the man who more than a hundred years ago moored the *Mary Jane* in the little creek, and under guise of sanctioned warfare made a highway of the mountain gorge to plunder his native land of Acadia.

THE HEROISM OF MADAME LAVALETTE

GRACE GREENWOOD

THE Count de Lavalette was born at Paris in 1769. He was the son of a shopkeeper, but he received a liberal education and studied law. When the great Revolution broke out he joined the National Guard; yet at the storming of the Tuileries he nobly risked his life in defending Louis the Sixteenth and his family from the fury of the mob. He was filled with horror and disgust at the atrocities of the revolutionists, left France and joined the army abroad.

After the battle of Arcola, Napoleon, then General Bonaparte, made him his aide-de-camp, and from that time manifested toward him the utmost affection and confidence. In this instance he showed great good sense and taste in selecting an officer and a friend; for Lavalette was a man of superior talents, remarkable sagacity, a generous spirit, and rare elegance of manners.

He accompanied Napoleon on his expedition to Egypt; but a few days before his departure he was married to Mademoiselle Emilie de Beauharnais, a niece of Josephine, Madame Bonaparte. This marriage was planned, almost commanded by Napo-

leon, but it proved a very happy one. The bride was young, beautiful, good, and very noble; while Lavalette was amiable, affectionate and faithful; loving and admiring his wife with all his heart.

Lavalette encountered many dangers in Egypt, in battle and from the plague, but he finally returned to his country and his home in safety.

When Napoleon became Emperor, he made Lavalette a count of the empire, and his wife mistress of the robes to the Empress; but when her aunt was divorced, Emilie left the court and retired to private life.

On the abdication and first exile of Napoleon, Lavalette submitted and promised allegiance to Louis the Eighteenth. He would have remained faithful, had not this king proved himself a stupid tyrant and a coward, unfit to reign. When Napoleon returned from Elba and Louis fled from France, Lavalette gladly went back to the service of his beloved Emperor.

After the battle of Waterloo and the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth Lavalette was advised to fly from his country; but his wife was ill at the time and he could not believe Louis base and cruel enough to punish him for his attachment to his old master. However, he was arrested and imprisoned in the *Conciergerie,* the gloomy, terrible prison in which Marie Antoinette, Madame Roland and many other noble victims of the Revolution had been confined. Here, in a wretched apartment, dark, cold and damp, he sighed away his weary days from

July to November, when he was brought to trial and condemned to die by the guillotine, on the 21st of December.

As soon as she heard of this sentence, Madame Lavalette went to the King, flung herself at his feet, and implored him to spare the life of her husband. So beautiful was her face, so noble and graceful her manner, such sweetness was in her voice, such pathos in her words, that only a very hard-hearted, revengeful man could have resisted her. The King, however, refused to grant her prayer, though he cruelly encouraged her at first. She went a second time; but was repulsed from his presence, and actually sat for more than an hour alone, on the stone steps of the palace, in utter grief and despair.

But as she sat there, weeping, shunned and abandoned by all the world, suddenly a strong, comforting angel seemed to whisper to her soul a brave plan for saving her beloved husband, and she rose up with a noble purpose in her heart and a prayer on her lips for heavenly help and strength.

She was in the habit of dining with Lavalette daily, sometimes accompanied by her daughter, a lovely young girl, and sometimes by a faithful old nurse. On the last day but one preceding that fixed on for the Count's execution, Emilie said to him, "There no longer remains for us any hope but in one plan; you must leave here at eight o'clock, in my clothes, and go in my sedan-chair to where Monsieur Baudus will have a cabriolet waiting to

conduct you to a place of safety, where you will remain till you can quit the country."

Lavalette was astounded; he thought the plan of his wife a mad and hopeless one, and so he told her. But she was calm and firm, and replied: "No objections; your death will be mine; so do not reject my proposal. My conviction of its success is deep, for I feel that God sustains me."

It was in vain that Lavalette represented how difficult it would be for him to disguise himself so as to deceive the sharp eyes of the turnkeys and soldiers, whom she was obliged to pass every night on leaving the prison; and the probability that, should he escape, they would ill-treat, perhaps kill her, in their rage. She turned very pale, but she was firm, and at last wrung from him a promise to attempt to execute her plan on the following day, his last day of life, if it should fail.

When Madame Lavalette came for her last visit she was accompanied by her daughter Josephine and the old nurse. She wore over her dress a merino pelisse, lined with fur, and brought with her a black silk petticoat. She said to her husband, "These will disguise you perfectly. Before going into the outer room, be sure to draw on your gloves, and put my handkerchief to your face. Walk very slowly, leaning on Josephine, and take care to stoop, as you pass through these low doors, for if they should catch the feathers of your bonnet all would be lost. The jailers will be in the anteroom, and remember the turnkey always hands me out.

The chair will be near the staircase. Monsieur Baudus will meet you soon and point out your hiding-place. Mind my directions—keep calm. God guide you and protect you, my dearest husband."

She also gave some directions to her daughter, which the child promised to follow carefully. After dinner the prisoner retired behind a large screen where his wife dressed him in the petticoat and pelisse she had brought, and put her bonnet on his head, all the while repeating, "Mind you stoop at the doors—be sure you walk through the hall slowly, like a person worn out with suffering. What do you think of your father," she said to Josephine, "will he do?"

"Not *very* badly," said the child, trying to smile bravely, but feeling a great deal of doubt.

As they heard the turnkey approaching, Lavalette said, "He looks in every evening, as soon as he has seen you off. Remain behind the screen, and make a noise by moving something, so that he will think all is right, and not discover my escape till I am clear away."

Then they took a solemn, loving leave of each other, and as the door opened, Emilie sprang behind the screen. Lavalette went out with his daughter and the nurse. He followed the directions of his wife and passed safely jailers, turnkeys and soldiers to the sedan-chair, and was soon carried in it beyond the black shadow of the prison, and found himself breathing the delicious air of freedom once more. Monsieur Baudus and the Count de Chas-

senon met him at the appointed place, with a cabriolet which he entered with Baudus and was driven away by the Count. The last look he had of Josephine she was standing on the quay, with her hands joined, her sweet face uplifted in the starry night, praying for the safety of her dear father.

In the carriage was a groom's livery which Lavalette put on and assumed the character of a servant to Baudus, who conducted him to the house of one of the king's ministers,—about the last place in all Paris to be suspected and searched. Here he was received by Madame Brisson, wife of an officer of government, who, at the risk of her life, concealed him, and kindly cared for him; because, her husband having once been a hunted fugitive, she had made a vow to help, and, if possible, save any one in similar circumstances.

Here Lavalette remained concealed about a fortnight while a rigorous search was made for him. He was obliged to keep his windows closely shut all day, and when at night he ventured to open them, he often heard proclamations of reward for his discovery, or threats of vengeance on those who were harboring him, cried in the street below; the voices sounding to him like the howling of wolves, thirsting for his blood. But he had the joy of hearing, also, from Madame Brisson, that the heroic devotion of his wife was everywhere praised —that she was almost worshiped by the people.

Lavalette finally owed his escape to some generous Englishmen, who conveyed him out of the

country in the disguise of an English officer of the Guards. After an exile of six years he was allowed to return to France and rejoin his beloved wife and daughter once more.

When it was discovered that Madame Lavalette had set her husband free, she was treated very cruelly by the jailers and the government authorities. She was closely confined like the worst of criminals, forbidden to see or hear from a friend and denied almost every comfort. In delicate health, worn with grief and anxiety, she sunk under her lonely suffering, and, when she was liberated, after six weeks' imprisonment (for her enemies dared not condemn her), her noble mind was shattered; she had become as a child, only sadder than any child ever was. She remained in this melancholy state throughout her life, only when her husband returned from exile she seemed to find a sweet content in his presence, and to love him the better for all she had suffered for him. And so she continued, "ever good and gentle," but not all herself, till she passed from under the cloud of her mortal life into the light of God's peace.

THE CHIEFTAINESS AND THE VOLCANO

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

FEW regions in the world are more beautiful than those islands far away in the Pacific which we have been used to call the Sandwich Isles. They are in great part formed by the busy little coral worms, but in the midst of them are lofty mountains, thrown up by the wonderful power that we call volcanic. In sailing up to the islands the first thing that becomes visible are two lofty peaks, each two miles and a half high. One is white with perpetual snow, the other is dark—dark with lava and cinders, on which the inward heat will not permit the snow to cast a white mantle. The first of these has been tranquil for many years, the other is the largest and most terrible active volcano in the world, and is named Kilauea.

The enormous crater is a lake of liquid fire, from six to nine miles in circumference. Over it plays a continual vapor, which hangs by day like a silvery cloud, but at dusk is red and glowing like the Aurora Borealis, and in the night is as a forest in flames. Rising into this lurid atmosphere are two black cones, in the midst of a sea of fused lava, in which black and pink rocks are tossed wildly about as in a seething caldron. The edge of this

huge basin of burning matter is a ledge of hard lava, above which rises a mighty wall of scoria or cinder; in one place forming an abrupt precipice, four thousand feet high, but in others capable of being descended, by perilous paths, by those who desire to have a closer view of the lake of flame within. Upon the bushes that grow on the mountain top is found a curious fibrous substance formed by the action of the air upon the vapor rising from the molten minerals beneath; it is like cobwebs of spun glass. Tremendous is the scene at all times, but at the periods of eruption the terrific majesty is beyond all imagination, when rivers of boiling lava, blood-red with heat, rush down the mountain-side, forming cascades of living fire, or spreading destruction over the plains, and when reaching the sea, struggling and thundering, in bubbling flames and dense smoke for the mastery with the other element.

Heathen nations living among such wonderful appearances of nature cannot fail to connect them with divine beings. The very name of volcano testifies to the old classical fancy that the burning hills of the Mediterranean were the workshops of the armorer god Vulcan and his Cyclops; and in the Sandwich Islands, the terrible Kilauea was supposed to be the home of the goddess Pele, whose bath was in the mighty crater, and whose hair was supposed to be the glassy threads that covered the hills. Fierce goddess as she was, she permitted no woman to touch the verge of her mountain, and her

wrath might involve the whole island in fiery destruction.

At length, however, the islanders were delivered from their bondage of terror into a clearer light. Missionaries came among them, and intercourse with Europeans made them ashamed of their own superstitious fancies. Very gradually the faith of the people detached itself from the savage deities they had worshiped and they began to revere the One True Maker of heaven and earth. But still their superstitions hung round Kilauea. There the fiery goddess still reveled in her fearful gambols, there the terrible sights and sounds and the desolating streams that might at any moment burst from her reservoir of flame were as tokens of anger that the nation feared to provoke. And after the young King Liholiho, with all his court, had made up their minds to abandon their idols, give up their superstitious practices, and seek instruction from Christian teachers, still the priests of Pele, on her flaming mountain, kept their stronghold of heathenism, and threatened her wrath upon those who should forsake the ancient worship.

Then it was that a brave Christian woman, strong in faith and courage, resolved to defy the goddess in her fastness, and break the spell that bound the trembling people to her worship. Her name was Kapiolani, wife of Naihe, the public orator of Hawaii. There was no common trust and resolution needed to enable her to carry out her undertaking. Not only was she outraging the old

notions that fearful consequences must follow the transgression of the *tabu,* or setting apart. Not only was the ascent toilsome, and leading into cold regions, which were dreadful to a delicate Hawaiian, but the actual danger of the ascent was great. Wild crags and slippery sheets of lava, or slopes of crumbling cinders, were strangers to the feet of the tender coast-bred woman. And the heated soil, the groanings, the lurid atmosphere, the vapor that oozed up from the crevices of the half-cooled lava must have filled any mind with awe and terror; above all, one that had been bred up in the faith that these were the tokens of the fury of a vindictive and powerful deity, whose precincts she was transgressing. Very recently a large body of men had been suffocated on the mountainside by the mephitic gases of the volcano—struck dead, as it must have seemed, by the breath of the goddess.

But Kapiolani, strong in the faith that He, as whose champion she came, was all-sufficient to guard her from the perils she confronted, climbed resolutely on, bearing in her hand the sacred berries which it was sacrilege for one of her sex to touch. The enraged priests of Pele came forth from their sanctuary among the crags, and endeavored to bar her way with threats of the rage of their mistress; but she heeded them not.

She made her way to the summit and gazed into the fiery gulf below; then descended the side of the terrible crater, even to the margin of the boiling sea of fire, and hurling into it the sacred berries, ex-

claimed: "If I perish by the anger of Pele, then dread her power; but, behold, I defy her wrath. I have broken her tabus; I live and am safe, for Jehovah the Almighty is my God. His was the breath that kindled these flames; His is the hand which restrains their fury. O, all ye people, behold how vain are the gods of Hawaii, and turn and serve the Lord!"

Safely the brave woman descended the mountain, having won her cause, the cause of Faith.

In classic times the philosopher Empedocles had leapt into the burning crater of Mount Etna, thereby to obtain an imperishable name. How much more noble is the name that Kapiolani gained for herself, by the deed that showed forth at whose command alone it is that the mountains quake and flow down and the hills melt like wax!

SANTA FILOMENA

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

WHENE'ER a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Saint Filomena.

Lo! in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

ROBERT TRAILL SPENCE LOWELL

Oh, that last day in Lucknow fort!
We knew that it was the last;
That the enemy's lines crept surely on,
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death;
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground, in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes hame frae the pleugh,"
she said,
"Oh, then please waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor,
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house-dog sprawls by the open door,
And the mother's wheel is stayed.

It was smoke and roar and powder-stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
And the soldier's wife, like a full-tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village-lane,
And wall and garden;—but one wild scream
Brought me back to the roar again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening
Till a sudden gladness broke
All over her face; and she caught my hand
And drew me near as she spoke:—

"The Hielanders! Oh, dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'?
The McGregor's. Oh! I ken it weel;
It's the grandest o' them a'!

"God bless the bonny Hielanders!
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried;
And fell on her knees; and thanks to God
Flowed forth like a full flood-tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started back;—they were there to die;
But was life so near them, then?

They listened for life; the rattling fire
  Far off, and that far-off roar,
Were all, and the colonel shook his head,
  And they turned to their guns once more.

But Jessie said, "The slogan's done;
  But winna ye hear it noo?
'The Campbells are comin'"? It's no a dream;
  Our succors hae broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
  But the pipes we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
  And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it made its way,—
  A thrilling, ceaseless sound:
It was no noise from the strife afar,
  Or the sappers under ground.

It *was* the pipes of the Highlanders!
  And now they played "Auld Lang Syne."
It came to our men like the voice of God,
  And they shouted along the line.

And they wept, and shook one another's hands,
  And the women sobbed in a crowd;
And every one knelt down where he stood,
  And we all thanked God aloud.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.
From Painting by Frederick Goodall.

That happy time, when we welcomed them,
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general gave her his hand, and cheers
Like a storm from the soldiers burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our joyful cheers were broken with tears
As the pipes played "Auld Lang Syne."

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall;

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

GREENCASTLE JENNY

A Ballad of 'Sixty-Three

HELEN GRAY CONE

OH, Greencastle streets were a stream of steel
With the slanted muskets the soldiers bore,
And the scared earth muttered and shook to feel
The tramp and the rumble of Longstreet's corps;
The bands were blaring "The Bonny Blue Flag,"
And the banners borne were a motley many;
And watching the gray column wind and drag
Was a slip of a girl—we'll call her Jenny.

A slip of a girl—what needs her name?—
With her cheeks aflame and her lips aquiver,
As she leaned and looked with a loyal shame
At the steady flow of the steely river:
Till a storm grew black in the hazel eyes
Time had not tamed, nor a lover sighed for;
And she ran and she girded her, apron-wise,
With the flag she loved and her brothers died for.

Out of the doorway they saw her start
(Pickett's Virginians were marching through),
The hot little foolish hero-heart
Armored with stars and the sacred blue.
Clutching the folds of red and white
Stood she and bearded those ranks of theirs,
Shouting shrilly with all her might,
"Come and take it, the man that dares!"

Pickett's Virginians were passing through;
Supple as steel and brown as leather,
Rusty and dusty of hat and shoe,
Wonted to hunger and war and weather;
Peerless, fearless, an army's flower!
Sterner soldiers the world saw never,
Marching lightly, that summer hour,
To death and failure and fame forever.

Rose from the rippling ranks a cheer;
Pickett saluted, with bold eyes beaming,
Sweeping his hat like a cavalier,
With his lion locks in the warm wind streaming.
Fierce little Jenny! her courage fell,
As the firm lines flickered with friendly laughter,
And Greencastle streets gave back the yell
That Gettysburg slopes gave back soon after.

So they cheered for the flag they fought
With the generous glow of the stubborn fighter,
Loving the brave as the brave man ought,
And never a finger was raised to fright her:
So they marched, though they knew it not,
Through the fresh green June to the shock infernal,
To the hell of the shell and the plunging shot,
And the charge that has won them a name eternal.

And she felt at last, as she hid her face,
There had lain at the root of her childish daring
A trust in the men of her own brave race,
And a secret faith in the foe's forbearing.

And she sobbed, till the roll of the rumbling gun
And the swinging tramp of the marching men
Were a memory only, and day was done,
And the stars in the fold of the blue again.

(*Thank God that the day of the sword is done,*
And the stars in the fold of the blue again!)

BRIER-ROSE

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN

I

SAID Brier-Rose's mother to the naughty Brier-Rose:
"What *will* become of you, my child, the Lord Almighty knows.
You will not scrub the kettles, and you will not touch the broom;
You never sit a minute still at spinning-wheel or loom."

Thus grumbled in the morning, and grumbled late at eve,
The good-wife as she bustled with pot and tray and sieve;
But Brier-Rose, she laughed and she cocked her dainty head:
"Why, I shall marry, Mother dear," full merrily she said.

"*You* marry, saucy Brier-Rose! The man, he is not found
To marry such a worthless wench, these seven leagues around."

But Brier-Rose, she laughed, and she trilled a merry lay:
"Perhaps he'll come, my Mother dear, from eight leagues away."

The good-wife with a "humph" and a sigh forsook the battle,
And flung her pots and pails about with much vindictive rattle:
"O Lord, what sin did I commit in youthful days, and wild,
That thou hast punished me in age with such a wayward child?"

Up stole the girl on tiptoe, so that none her step could hear,
And laughing pressed an airy kiss behind the good-wife's ear.
And she, as e'er relenting, sighed: "Oh, Heaven only knows
Whatever will become of you, my naughty Brier-Rose!"

The sun was high and summer sounds were teeming in the air;
The clank of scythes, the cricket's whir, and swelling wood-notes rare,
From field and copse and meadow; and through the open door
Sweet, fragrant whiffs of new-mown hay the idle breezes bore.

Then Brier-Rose grew pensive, like a bird of
thoughtful mien,
Whose little life has problems among the
branches green.
She heard the river brawling where the tide was
swift and strong,
She heard the summer singing its strange allur-
ing song.

And out she skipped the meadows o'er and gazed
into the sky;
Her heart o'erbrimmed with gladness, she scarce
herself knew why,
And to a merry tune she hummed, "Oh, Heaven
only knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-
Rose!"

Whene'er a thrifty matron this idle maid espied,
She shook her head in warning, and scarce her
wrath could hide;
For girls were made for housewives, for spin-
ning-wheel and loom,
And not to drink the sunshine and wild-flower's
sweet perfume.

And oft the maidens cried, when the Brier-Rose
went by:
"You cannot knit a stocking, and you cannot make
a pie."

But Brier-Rose, as was her wont, she cocked her
curly head:
"But I can sing a pretty song," full merrily she
said.

And oft the young lads shouted, when they saw
the maid at play:
"Ho, good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, how do you do
to-day?"
Then she shook her tiny fist; to her cheeks the
color flew:
"However much you coax me, I'll *never* dance
with you!"

II

Thus flew the years light-wingéd over Brier-
Rose's head,
Till she was twenty summers old and yet re-
mained unwed.
And all the parish wondered: "The Lord Al-
mighty knows
Whatever will become of that naughty Brier-
Rose!"

And while they wondered came the Spring
a-dancing o'er the hills;
Her breath was warmer than of yore, and all the
mountain rills,

With their tinkling and their rippling and their rushing, filled the air,
And the misty sounds of water forth-welling everywhere.

And in the valley's depth, like a lusty beast of prey,
The river leaped and roared aloud and tossed its mane of spray;
Then hushed again its voice to a softly plashing croon,
As dark it rolled beneath the sun and white beneath the moon.

It was a merry sight to see the lumber as it whirled
Adown the tawny eddies that hissed and seethed and swirled,
Now shooting through the rapids and, with a reeling swing,
Into the foam-crests diving like an animated thing.

But in the narrows of the rocks, where o'er a steep incline
The waters plunged and wreathed in foam the boughs of birch and pine,
The lads kept watch with shout and song, and sent each straggling beam
A-spinning down the rapids, lest it should lock the stream.

III

And yet—methinks I hear it now—wild voices
in the night,
A rush of feet, a dog's harsh bark, a torch's flar-
ing light,
And wandering gusts of dampness, and 'round us
far and nigh,
A throbbing boom of water like a pulse-beat in
the sky.

The dawn just pierced the pallid east with spears
of gold and red,
As we, with boat-hooks in our hands, toward the
narrows sped.
And terror smote us: for we heard the mighty
tree-tops sway,
And thunder, as of chariots, and hissing showers
of spray.

"Now, lads," the sheriff shouted, "you are strong,
like Norway's rock:
A hundred crowns I give to him who breaks the
lumber-lock!
For if another hour go by, the angry waters' spoil
Our homes will be, and fields, and our weary
years of toil."

We looked each at the other; each hoped his
neighbor would
Brave death and danger for his home, as valiant
Norsemen should.

But at our feet the brawling tide expanded like a lake,
And whirling beams came shooting on, and made the firm rock quake.

"Two hundred crowns!" the sheriff cried, and breathless stood the crowd.
"Two hundred crowns, my bonny lads!" in anxious tones and loud.
But not a man came forward, and no one spoke or stirred,
And nothing save the thunder of the cataract was heard.

But as with trembling hands and with fainting hearts we stood,
We spied a little curly head emerging from the wood.
We heard a little snatch of a merry little song,
And we saw the dainty Brier-Rose come dancing through the throng.

An angry murmur rose from the people 'round about.
"Fling her into the river!" we heard the matrons shout;
"Chase her away, the silly thing; for God Himself scarce knows
Why ever He created that worthless Brier-Rose."

Sweet Brier-Rose, she heard their cries; a little pensive smile
Across her visage flitted that might a stone beguile;
And then she gave her pretty head a roguish little cock:
"Hand me a boat-hook, lads," she said; "I think I'll break the lock."

Derisive shouts of laughter broke from throats of young and old:
"Ho! good-for-nothing Brier-Rose, your tongue was ever bold."
And, mockingly, a boat-hook into her hands was flung,
When, lo! into the river's midst with daring leaps she sprung!

We saw her dimly through a mist of dense and blinding spray;
From beam to beam she skipped, like a water-sprite at play.
And now and then faint gleams we caught of color through the mist:
A crimson waist, a golden head, a little dainty wrist.

In terror pressed the people to the margin of the hill,
A hundred breaths were bated, a hundred hearts stood still.

For, hark! from out the rapids came a strange
and creaking sound,
And then a crash of thunder which shook the
very ground.

The waters hurled the lumber mass down o'er the
rocky steep.
We heard a muffled rumbling and a rolling in the
deep;
We saw a tiny form which the torrent swiftly
bore
And flung into the wild abyss, where it was seen
no more.

Ah, little naughty Brier-Rose, thou couldst nor
weave nor spin;
Yet thou couldst do a nobler deed than all thy
mocking kin;
For thou hadst courage e'en to die, and by thy
death to save
A thousand farms and lives from the fury of the
wave.

And yet the adage lives, in the valley of thy birth,
When wayward children spend their days in
heedless play and mirth,
Their mothers say, half smiling, half sighing,
"Heaven knows
Whatever will become of the naughty Brier-
Rose!"

BELGIUM, THE BAR-LASS

A. Mary F. Robinson

The night was still. The King sat with the Queen.
She sang. Her maidens spun. A peaceful scene.

Sudden, wild echoes shake the castle wall.
Their foes come crashing through the outer hall.

They rush like thunder down the gallery floor. . . .
. . Someone has stolen the bolt that bars the door!

No pin to hold the loops, no stick, no stave,
Nothing! An open door, an open grave!

Then Catherine Bar-lass thrust her naked arm
(A girl's arm, white as milk, alive and warm)

Right through the loops from which the bolt was gone:
"'Twill hold (said she) until they break the bone—

"My King, you have one instant to prepare!"
She said no more, because the thrust was there.

Oft have I heard that tale of Scotland's King,
The Poet, and Kate the Bar-lass. (Men will sing

For aye the deed one moment brings to birth—
Such moments are the ransom of the earth.)

Brave Belgium, Bar-lass of our western world,
Who, when the treacherous Prussian tyrant hurled

His hordes against our peace, thrust a slight hand,
So firm, to bolt our portals and withstand.

Whatever prove the glory of our affray,
Thine arm, thy heart, thine act have won the day!

NURSE EDITH CAVELL

Two o'clock, the morning of October 12th, 1915.

ALICE MEYNELL

To her accustomed eyes
The midnight-morning brought not such a dread
As thrills the chance-awakened head that lies
In trivial sleep on the habitual bed.

'Twas yet some hours ere light;
And many, many, many a break of day
Had she outwatched the dying; but this night
Shorter her vigil was, briefer the way.

By dial of the clock
'Twas day in the dark above her lonely head.
"This day thou shalt be with Me." Ere the cock
Announced that day she met the Immortal Dead.

NOTES

SAVITRI'S CHOICE. Page 13.

"How Savitri loved and suffered, how she strove and conquered Fate" is one of the legendary tales included in the Mahabharata, one of the great epic poems of ancient India. It may well be called the Iliad of the Hindus, because the principal subject is a great war believed to have been fought in the 13th or 14th century B. C.; but it is immensely long, about seven times as long as the two poems of Homer taken together, and contains a great mass of other myths, legends and traditions.

The story of Savitri "is known by Hindu women, high and low, rich and poor, in all parts of India; and on a certain night in the year millions of Hindu women celebrate a rite in honor of the woman whose love was not conquered by death." (Romesh Dutt.) And whosoever, we are told,

> "shall read with heart intent
> Savitri's holy story, will wax glad,
> And know that all fares well, and suffer nought."

Read also the beautiful Greek story of Alcestis who died "to save her lord." It may be found in "Stories from the Greek Tragedians," by A. J. Church.

Page 23. "According to Hindu theology the soul of a dead man is about the size of the human thumb. At death a hole should be dug northeastward of the fire, where the soul can wait until the gross body is burned,

and then emerging be carried with the smoke to heaven." (E. A. Reed.)

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER. Page 30.

Jephthah, the Gileadite, a mighty man of valor, being about to lead the Israelites in war against the Ammonites "vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands,

Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."

And, behold, on his return from the defeat of his enemies " his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances; and she was his only child." And her father "did with her according to his vow which he had vowed." (Judges 11.)

Among the women of Israel it became, henceforth, a custom to commemorate the sad fate of Jephthah's daughter by four days' mourning every year. Her willing self-surrender, her courageous resignation are expressed in Lord Byron's short poem and also in the extract from Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women."

Read also "The Story of Iphigenia in Aulis" in "Stories from the Greek Tragedians."

TWO IMMORTAL NAMES. Page 33.

Primarily a hero story, but the traitor Ephialtes is here contrasted not only with the great patriot, Leonidas, but also with the brave and fleet-footed maiden who warned the king of the impending treachery. It was in 480 B. C. that Leonidas and his Spartans thus made

their supreme sacrifice at the pass of Thermopylæ that their country might be saved, and still, though centuries have come and gone,

> "Their tomb an altar is, their name
> A mighty heritage of fame."

BOADICEA. Page 48.

Period of the Roman conquest. Boadicea was the wife of Prasutagus, king of the Iceni. After the death of their king, the Britons were brutally ill-treated by their conquerors, and Boadicea, indignant at the wrongs inflicted upon her people and herself, led a revolt against the Roman legions. The first successes were but temporary and the native army was completely overwhelmed. Seeing that all hope was gone and unwilling to live a slave or grace a Roman triumph, Boadicea in despair killed herself.

GOLDEN APPLES AND ROSES RED. Page 50.

Another story of Dorothea, telling how she ministered to the saint Waldo, may be read in "A Child's Book of Saints" by William Canton.

MULAN, THE MAIDEN CHIEF. Page 61.

Disguised in her father's armor, Mulan, the Chinese heroine, leads his troops to the conflict. The poem was written between 502 and 556 A. D. by an unknown author.

GODIVA. Page 63.

This heroine, a "most princely dame," was a real person who lived in the 11th century and by her good deeds and holy life "built herself an everlasting name." The poem is based on the legendary story told of old by

mediæval chroniclers. The "Godiva procession" which commemorates her famous ride has been a feature of Coventry fair since the time of Charles the Second. Landor saw one of these festivals when a boy and afterward wrote an "Imaginary Conversation" between Leofric and Godiva. The name means "Gift of God."

THE WOMEN OF WEINSBERG. Page 74.

In 1138, Konrad III, of the house of Hohenstaufen, became king of Germany. The rival candidate, Henry the Proud, duke of Saxony and Bavaria, refused to acknowledge Konrad as his sovereign and took up arms against him. During the war which followed, Weinsberg was besieged by the king's troops for many weeks, and the army of Count Welf, the brother of Henry, was defeated in a great battle near the town. It was in this battle that the war-cries "Welf" and "Waiblingen," or, in the Italian spelling generally followed, "Guelph" and "Ghibelline" were first used. Welf was the family name of Henry the Proud and Waiblingen, a castle of the Hohenstaufens. For a long period in Germany and Italy these names were used to designate the opposing parties; the Welfs being those who took the part of the popes and the Waiblingens those who sided with the emperors.

How the siege of Weinsberg ended is told in the poem, and thenceforth, it is said, the castle mount was no more called Vine Hill but the hill of Weibertreue. There is a humorous poem, "The Wives of Weinsberg," by Gottfried Bürger, relating the same story, and a prose version may be found in Charlotte Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds"; together with an account of the constancy of the burgher dames of Löwenburg, a story of the Thirty Years' war.

SAINT ELIZABETH. Page 81.

It was on a summer evening in 1207 that Klingsor, "master of all song-craft," gazing at the mysterious stars, saw a vision of things to come; and this was the prophecy which he made to the princes, courtiers and minstrel knights gathered about him: " 'Be it known to you that a daughter has been born to-night to the king of Hungary. Her name shall be Elizabeth. Holy shall she be. She shall be given in marriage to the son of this prince'—raising his eyes to the dusky heights of the Wartburg—'and all the earth shall rejoice and be exalted in the renown of her sanctity.' "

"The Story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary," by William Canton, follows the mediæval records of her life, and tells how the prophecy came true—how the little princess was taken from her royal home when only four years old; how she grew to girlhood in the gray hill castle of the Wartburg; how her name came to be enrolled in the calendar of saints.

BLACK AGNES OF DUNBAR. Page 85.

After the death of Robert the Bruce, civil war again broke out in Scotland and among those who fought for their country and king at this time was the Countess of March. She is especially celebrated in history for her defense of Dunbar Castle which was besieged by the English in 1338. This account is taken from Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather."

THE SOUL OF THE GREAT BELL. Page 89.

This story of Ko-Ngai is from a collection entitled "Pe-Hiao-Tou-Choue," or "A Hundred Examples of Filial Piety."

The Ta-chung sz' is literally "Temple of the Bell." It is in Peking and the bell is probably the largest suspended bell in the world. It was cast about 1406 and weighs about 120,000 pounds. Fo is a Chinese name for Buddha. Kwang-tchau-fu is Canton, "The Broad City." The position of a Fuh-yin is somewhat similar to that of a mayor. (Condensed from notes by Lafcadio Hearn.)

A Legend of Bregenz. Page 96.

The poem is probably founded on the traditional story of a girl who saved the country folk of the Bregenz district from an attack of the Appenzellers some time during the early part of the 15th century.

Joan of Arc. Page 103.

"I come," says Joan of Arc, "on behalf of our Lord God . . . to save the kingdom of France. . . . It is for this I was born." The full story of her devotion to her king and her country is told in Mark Twain's "Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc." "Jeanne d'Arc," by Ethel M. Wilmot-Buxton, is a good biography, and Boutet de Monvel's "Joan of Arc" a wondrous picture-book, depicting religious processions, battle scenes and courtly ceremonial. It has the mysticism of the Middle Ages and is all aglow with color.

"The Farewell" is taken from Schiller's drama, "The Maid of Orleans." In the play a helmet brought from the market-town by a countryman and given to Joan is accepted by her as the promised sign that the time for her appointed mission has come.

The King's Tragedy. Page 109.

According to tradition, Catherine Douglas, in honor

of her heroic act when she barred the door with her arm against the murderers of James the First of Scots, received popularly the name of "Barlass." This name remains to her descendants, the Barlas family in Scotland, who bear for their crest a broken arm.

> "Such deeds can woman's spirit do,
> O Catherine Douglas, brave and true!
> Let Scotland keep thy holy name
> Still first upon her ranks of fame."

King James was a reformer and during the thirteen years of his reign he earnestly tried to bring order into the unhappy realm of Scotland. He is known also as a poet-king and his lovely poem, called the "King's Quair," tells the romantic story of his captivity, his love and courtship. A few stanzas are quoted in Rossetti's ballad.

The story of Catherine Douglas is told in prose in Miss Yonge's "Book of Golden Deeds" under the title "The Carnival of Perth."

LITTLE ROSAMOND. Page 141.

Scott's "Kenilworth" is another and longer story telling of Queen Elizabeth's visit to the castle of her favorite, Robert, Earl of Leicester. The heroine is the unfortunate Amy Robsart.

HELEN OF KIRKCONNELL. Page 149.

A Scottish ballad founded on a traditionary event, though the exact date is uncertain. The graves of Helen and her lover are still pointed out in Kirkconnell, Dumfriesshire. Wordsworth's "Ellen Irwin; or, The Braes of Kirtle" is another version of the same story.

MARY AMBREE. Page 151.

Though the chronicles make no mention of Mary Ambree, the ballad records a traditional incident of the siege of Ghent in Flanders in 1584.

POCAHONTAS. Page 155.

This poem is from "The Virginians" and is supposed to be written by one of the two heroes of the story.

HOW THE MOHAWKS SET OUT FOR MEDOCTEC. Page 157.

"When the invading Mohawks captured the outlying Melicite village of Madawaska, they spared two squaws to guide them down stream to the main Melicite town of Medoctec, below Grand Falls. The squaws steered themselves and their captors over the Falls." (C. G. D. Roberts.)

THE TWO MARGARETS. Page 176.

After the death of Queen Elizabeth, James the Sixth of Scotland, succeeded to the throne of England as James the First, and so, after long centuries of warfare, the two countries were joined by this union of crowns in one government. But the king wished to unite the religions of the two kingdoms as well as the governments, and for the rest of his life his great aim was to force the Scottish people to become Episcopalians. To that end he caused laws to be passed introducing some of the rites and ceremonies of the English service into the Scottish church. The Presbyterians feared these laws indicated a return to Popery and so the "Articles of Perth" remained for the most part dead letters. Charles the First, continuing his father's policy, attempted to introduce a Prayer Book even more like that of the Roman Catholic Church

than the one used in England, but the people refused to accept the new forms of worship and in 1638 drew up and signed the great National Covenant by which they bound themselves to defend their religion with their lives. And thus the Protestants of Scotland came to be known as Covenanters. When their ministers were banished the people followed them to their hidden retreats among the hills and glens. No longer allowed to worship in their churches, they met in private houses, in barns or in the open air; these unlawful assemblies being known as conventicles or field-meetings. For nearly a century the Covenanters were cruelly oppressed and persecuted and it was not until William of Orange and Mary, the daughter of James the Second, were called to the throne that religious liberty was finally established in Scotland.

GRIZEL COCHRANE'S RIDE. Page 181.

The story is founded on an incident of the Monmouth rebellion, 1685. Grace Greenwood who tells the story of Grizel Cochrane in her "Bonnie Scotland" remarks, "This is the only instance I remember ever to have heard of, where robbing the mail was justifiable. Yet I hardly think it a piece of heroism which would bear repeating."

HEARTBREAK HILL. Page 212.

Ipswich is a quaint old town of Massachusetts situated at the mouth of the Ipswich River. Near by is the hill where, according to the traditional story told in the poem, an Indian maiden kept tryst with her lover, a white sailor drowned at sea.

FLORA MACDONALD. Page 219.

For five months after the decisive defeat at Culloden

in 1746, "Prince Charlie" was a hunted fugitive, enduring great privations and in constant danger of capture. At great risk to herself, Flora Macdonald aided in his escape, and her name, said Dr. Johnson, "will be mentioned in history, and if courage and fidelity are virtues, mentioned with honor."

For her part in the escape Miss Macdonald was made prisoner and taken to London, but she was released in 1747 and married the son of Macdonald of Kingsburgh. It is interesting to know that at a later time they emigrated to North Carolina. Shortly afterward the war of the Revolution broke out and her husband entered the army on the British side. In 1779, when Flora Macdonald was returning to Scotland, the ship was attacked by a French privateer and she was injured. Referring to the accident later, she remarked that she had now suffered a little for both the houses of Stuart and Hanover. After the war her husband, who had been taken prisoner, also returned and they settled at Kingsburgh where she lived for the rest of her life.

The loyal devotion of Flora Macdonald has been celebrated in Scottish poem and song. In the "Welcome to Skye" the "twa bonny maidens" are Flora and the "Young Pretender" who was disguised as her maid-servant. In "The Lament," she is pictured sitting lonely on the shore after the parting with the unfortunate prince.

CAPTAIN MOLLY AT MONMOUTH. Page 227.

The battle of Monmouth was fought on the 28th of June, 1778. Washington was in command of the American army and General Clinton of the British forces. The victory of the Americans was not decisive, but the

British retreated and remained inactive for the rest of the summer. An account of the battle, with a map showing the position of the troops, will be found in Fiske's "American Revolution."

The heroine of the poem, whose true name was Mollie Hays, had accompanied her husband to the field of battle in order to carry water to the soldiers and to care for the wounded. The soldiers called her "Molly with the Pitcher;" hence "Molly Pitcher," by which name she is known in history. She was personally commended by Washington for her conduct and placed upon half-pay for life as a sergeant. Later the state of Pennsylvania granted her an annuity. A song by Kate Brownlee Sherwood and a poem by Mrs. Richards also commemorate her brave deed at Monmouth.

AGOSTINA OF ZARAGOZA. Page 230.

In his "History of the Peninsular War," Southey says, "There is not, either in the annals of ancient or of modern times, a single event recorded more worthy to be held in admiration, now and for evermore, than the siege of Zaragoza. . . . Will it be said that this devoted people obtained for themselves, by all this heroism and all these sacrifices, nothing more than a short respite from their fate? . . . They purchased for themselves an everlasting remembrance upon earth,—a place in the memory and love of all good men in all ages that are yet to come."

When Byron visited Seville the famous Maid was still living and he saw her walking daily on the Prado, decorated with medals and orders by command of the Junta. According to his version of the story it was her lover who fell. This selection is from "Childe Harold"

but in his "Age of Bronze" Byron again refers to the Spanish heroine:

> "the desperate wall
> Of Saragossa, mightiest in her fall;
> The man nerved to a spirit, and the maid
> Waving her more than Amazonian blade."

In English the name of the town is generally spelled Saragossa. Zaragoza is the Spanish form.

SANTA FILOMENA. Page 270.

The reference is to Florence Nightingale, the English nurse, to whose devotion and self-sacrifice hundreds of soldiers in the Crimean war owed their lives. It is said that the men in the hospital used to kiss the shadow cast by her lamp on the wall as she made her rounds at night. "Florence Nightingale, the Angel of the Crimea," by Mrs. Richards, gives an interesting account of her life and of her heroic and patriotic service during the war.

St. Filomena is a popular saint in Italy. In a church at Pisa is a picture by Sabatelli which represents her "as a beautiful nymph-like figure floating down from heaven, attended by two angels bearing the lily, palm, and javelin, and beneath in the foreground the sick and maimed who are healed by her intercession." (Jameson's "Sacred and Legendary Art.")

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW. Page 272.

An incident of the Sepoy rebellion in India, 1857. The feeble garrison at Lucknow held out for many weeks against the besiegers before an army of relief came to their rescue. In his "Pipes of Lucknow," Whittier also tells the story of the Scottish girl who first heard the

bagpipes of Havelock's relieving force. Another good poem of the siege is Tennyson's "Defence of Lucknow"—

"'Hold it for fifteen days!' we have held it for eighty-seven!
And ever aloft on the palace roof the old banner of England blew."

BARBARA FRIETCHIE. Page 276.

A romantic ballad written in 1863 and based on an account of the incident received from supposedly reliable sources. It is known that Barbara Frietchie was a gentlewoman, intensely loyal, "holding her Union flag sacred and keeping it with her Bible." The substantial accuracy of the story has been established and whether she did all that the poem ascribes to her or not she was, as Whittier says, "a brave and true woman." The heroic tone and patriotic spirit of the poem have made it deservedly popular and the name of Barbara Frietchie will long be remembered.

GREENCASTLE JENNY. Page 279.

The author says, "You may like to know that the story is a true one; at least it was related by a Confederate officer at a great reunion of Northern and Southern veterans on the field of Gettysburg. . . . The name of the girl was not mentioned, and was probably unknown. She may also have been older than I have imagined her as being."

Greencastle is in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. The date of the incident was June 25, 1863.

EDITH CAVELL. Page 293.

One of the tragedies of the European war was the unjust and cruel execution of Edith Cavell, an English

nurse, head of a hospital in Brussels. She had cared for the German as well as the Belgian wounded; but she was accused of aiding in the escape of soldiers from the territory occupied by the Germans, was condemned by a military court and summarily put to death. So far as is known her last words were: "Patriotism is not enough; I must have no hatred and no bitterness toward any one." She lived a noble life, devoted to the service of humanity; she died like a heroine.